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1941

COLLEGIAN

QUARTERLY

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

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Editorial

The *Quarterly* is the literary magazine of a college that is now feeling out toward the university level. We want that to come about. But the irksome question always arises—in what ways are we ready to be a university? The enrollment may have increased; with luck, we may have a new building or two; we may win a football game someday. But behind these external signs, something else must be with us. Something difficult to say—intangible and yet definite—a something of thinking and saying, a pulse of activity that transcends our courses and marks and cuts. Without it, we can be but a university in name and face.

It is the underlying hope of the *Quarterly* to pierce somewhat the flux of everyday campus life, and bring that thought to an expression, to a center. And it may be a center of the whole campus. The *Quarterly* at this time may not have that desired scope and completion, but this is not the last issue. And if the true college life within the shell of routine—the thought, the bull session, the mystic beer hour—may come into fuller and fuller expression here in the future, we perhaps may realize that quality unseen but known in the true university and even give it some permanent form in our writings.

THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY



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Sammy

by

harold McCarthy

EASTER

*Egg on egg and the price of ham
Hail the man from Galilee,
Fresh sawdust is sprinkled on the floor,
For Easter has come to the A. & P.*

*Sammy, the salesboy, shifts his eyes,
And contemplates his maculate apron,
Excavates a long proboscis,
And trims for sale a defunct capon.*

*A girl buys lilies near the door,
Lilies to lay at Jesus' feet;
Sammy eyes the buxom lass
While he puts a price on a piece of meat.*

*Plaster saints have shed their purple
In the Immaculate Conception across the street,
Garlands of roses proclaim resurrection;
Sammy wraps up his piece of meat.*

*Sammy smiles for the girl with the lilies,
Smiles and meets with curt misprison;
The huddled lilies nod and whisper,
"He is risen, He is risen."*

*The girl is standing by the lilies,
Sammy maneuvers across the floor,
Reappears amid the flowers
And drapes an arm along the door.*

*Pale and wide-eyed, stand the lilies,
Like two Marys, filled with wonder,
Talking with the white-clad angels
Where the stone was rolled asunder.*

LIBRARY

*Sammy's fingers twitch on bindings,
Ear to ear he grins seraphic,
Searches up and down the shelves
For tales and pictures pornographic.*

*Iphigenia dies forgotten,
And laughter of Aristophanes;
Sammy's dirty fingers sliding
Disturb the dust on Immensities.*

*Come to rest on a work of Shakespeare,
Romeo and Juliet,
Vicarious pleasures intimate
Are gleaned from a Freudian Capulet.*

*"Night's candles are burned out and jocund—"
Sammy's face become a yawn,
He skips with self-commiseration
The description of an English dawn.*

*Ranged about are the Silent-Living,
Remembered now as awkward turns
Of lichen'd letters carved on granite,
As dust in buried Grecian urns.*

*Sammy leaves the silent building,
Stops to light a cigarette—
The spot of light amid the darkness
Creates a weird, bizarre vignette*

*Of Sammy, and the Pleiades,
And beyond known constellations, the flight
Of stranger stars following dark
Uncharted courses through the night.*

WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF T. S. ELIOT'S "SWEENEY" POEMS

Subway

by

Morton B. Rabinow

The subway train was crowded. People pushed and jostled, competing for the few vacant seats. Men read their evening papers, oblivious to the noise and tumult. Women, arms laden with bundles, blankly scanned the car-cards. The air was heavy with a mixture of perfume and perspiration. Faces were dejected, tired.

I, too, was tired. With one hand, I hung to an overhead strap. In the other, I held my evening paper. Listlessly, I read of war, and murder, and divorce. On my right, a heavily corseted old lady swayed with the motion of the car. On my left, two high school girls giggled endlessly over some new adventure. Below me a row of men and women sat stolidly.

He sat directly beneath me. I didn't know him, had never seen him. I looked at him over the top of my paper. He was hatless. Gray, crinkly hair topped a firm rugged face. As he met my glance, I saw that his eyes were brown, close set. We stared blankly at each other. And I felt a small thrill at the back of my neck. The man fascinated me—and he bothered me. Paper forgotten, I continued to stare into his eyes. Suddenly I felt foolish, wanted to avert my gaze, but our eyes were locked.

" . . . and then he wanted to . . ." The shrill voices of the girls broke the spell. I returned to my paper. I could feel his eyes, those brown,

close-set eyes, staring through the paper. Gradually, the hand in which I held the paper lowered. I fought against it—and our eyes met.

And then, I resented his gaze, I resented his existence, I resented those brown, close-set eyes. I had broken into a cold sweat. The overhead strap felt slimy in my palm. The click of the wheels sharpened my resentment.

He stared up, I, down. And I knew that I hated him. The rattle of the wheels on the track, the low murmur of the passengers, the swaying of their bodies, all kept time to my hatred. And I didn't want to look away. I wanted to stare at him, I wanted to hate him. I felt hot, blood was pounding in my ears. I wanted to do something, say something—but, our eyes were locked.

And then, I saw the mole on his cheek. It was brown, a few hairs sprung from it. It disgusted me. I hated the mole. I hated the man. He stared up at me. I saw the tracery of thin red lines on his eyeballs. I wanted to close those eyes, those brown, close-set eyes.

And then his stare wavered. The conductor announced the end of the line. I watched him as he leisurely boarded a north-bound car. I boarded a south-bound car, remembering that I had to prepare dinner for my husband. Somehow, I felt cooler, almost victorious. God, but I hated that man.

The Children



by

O. H. H. '32

*We were young: children playing;
we believed all the fairy tales, for
we lived in their happy forever after;
one night we went to bed as ourselves,
as Jimmy, Carl, tucked in, said good night to;
the dark drew down;*

*something happened,
we have no name for what happened;
we say, now, something the night was, changed;
a new horizon rose on the morning,
dark, tidal, blotting out flowers, trees,
the grass between trees;*

*maybe we woke in another room,
in some other day like Wednesday,
(it always rains on Wednesday)
but it wasn't in another room,
it was here, today,
we were awake in it,
shivering, afraid;*

NOTE FOR THE CHILDREN

The following poem was written by an M.S.C. alumnus and recently received first place in a contest sponsored by the Poetry Society of America of which—it is pleasant to mention—Robert Frost is Honorary President. The poem is best prefaced, however, with the words of the poet himself—

*we waited until afternoon, night,
up to the edge of going to bed again,
thinking if we played hard enough,
the new terrible day would go away.
thinking if we raised our hands to its tide,
or covered our eyes,
it would go away,
roll up into that old friendly day,
being Jimmy, Carl, children playing;*

*grandfather said it was the shape of things,
said it ran errands, cut up wood for the stove,
it delivered hot cakes before breakfast;
it was better than a fairy tale,
for its formulas, blue prints were mightier
than Aladdin's lamp;
so we weren't afraid anymore,
believing its face the true shape of things,
believing its noise the sound of wisdom,
even if it held dragons;*

*suddenly because it glittered,
shinier than all our toys,
because the weekdays hallowed its face,
we reached out for it,
and it was there for the taking,
for the simple reaching of a hand;
the skyscrapers, engines, wheels,
the tides of river and sun,
the lightning tamed at the end of a key,
the earth,
all within our clenched fists,
was ours;*

but that was all . . .

The Tale of a Cross Eyed Cat

by

Patience Sanderson

In the heart of the business section of the West End of Boston, there lived a lady cat. She was a trim, matronly, black and white cat. Everything about her spelled efficiency and self-assurance: her whisking tail, her proud head, her white-gloved paws.

To the shoppers in the store where she earned her living she was known as "Kitty," but to her intimates she was always "Cathryn" (spelled with a "C.")

A rushing ambulance had left Cathryn a widow she was still in the prime of youth—a widow with three young sons to support. Something had had to be done, so Cathryn had gone job-hunting and had established herself in a market where remuneration and mousing were the best. Working hours were not long, tips were substantial (if you like hamburg; Cathryn, personally, did not) and she was able to manage the up-keep of the cosy orange crate which she and the boys called home.

Time had gone comfortably by for quite some while when Cathryn realized that the time was at hand when the boys, now nearing cathood, would have to contribute their share towards the family support.

The boys were willing. Gerald, the eldest, a rather lank tiger, was able to acquire a job as an apprentice to a cobbler's cat. It was a job, but being apprentice, Gerald came in mostly for the tail end of the spoils and the little extras from a shoe shop—shoe laces, and shoe tongues, etc.—were hardly what might be called nourishing. But



Cathryn,
the
widow,
in
neat
black

Cathryn was patient and comforted herself that the child had obtained a position at all. "Just like his father's people, the Alleys," she was wont to say to her friends, "so well-meaning, so serious-minded, so home-loving."

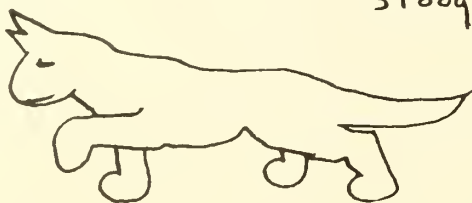
"Home-loving" was not the word for Thomas, the second son. Every night he would brush his whiskers, set his tail at a

jaunty angle and start out on his nocturnal journeyings. Cathryn had heard that he had been seen more than once in the vicinity of Scollay Square in very fast and undesirable company, but she refrained from saying anything about it.

Thomas, it seems, was the business man of the family, a financial success. At Kelly's Fish Market, he held a very fine position. He worked hard and his earnings were exorbitant for one so young. In the daytime, he was all business and seriousness; but at night,—. Cathryn favored him. She felt that he was more like her own family: smart, ambitious, and a true sophisti-cat.

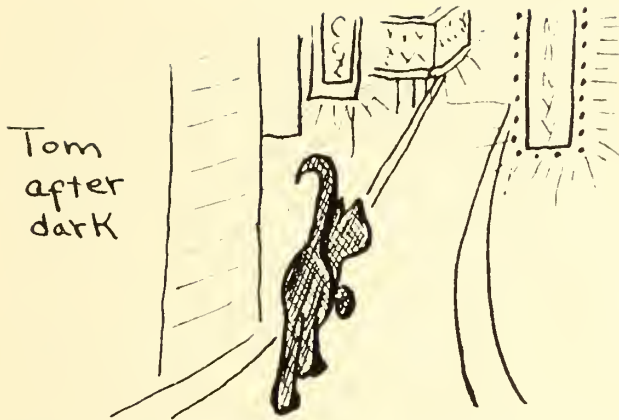
But Samuel, the third son, was hopeless. He was a mangy grey creature, scrawny beyond all hope of fattening. And his eyes were pathetically crossed. Cathryn, deep in her heart, was rather ashamed of him; but maternal pride kept her from confessing it. She would, however, admit his laziness. Her hours at home were spent in nagging him. But every effort on her part to get Sam to work and every effort on his part to work was a failure.

At length, Sam's feeling of inferiority, the mistreatment he received at the hands of his



Stooge in a shoe store





Tom
after
dark

brothers and the perpetual goadings by his mother forced him to leave home. It was early morning when he set out, and the rest of the family was at work. Aimlessly, he wandered through the city. As he crossed the Common, a squirrel scolded him crossly; but Sam slunk along, lost in his "mewsings," his heart mournful, his tail appropriately at half mast.

At length he arrived on Beacon Street, and seeing a sunny doorstep, decided to take a nap for his morning's travels had left him very weary. He settled himself on the warm stone and with eyes half-closed, pondered a while about 'What was the use of it all?' and about 'Why the panes of glass in the windows of the house across the street were lavender.'

Suddenly, he was wakened by a woman's excited voice: "But, my dear, it is. It really is!" Then he was picked up bodily, crushed to a capacious bosom and carried off up the street to another house.

How it all happened and what it all meant, Sammy did not, at first, know. But he did know that the woman was not nagging or insulting him. The warmth of the sun, the heady scent of heliotrope and his inherent indolence made Sam very docile, and he offered no resistance.

Perhaps you have guessed. Samuel was a discovery. His discoverer, Mrs. Van Salornecabot was secretary of the New England Cat Club. She had guessed the secret unknown even to Sam

himself. Samuel was a Siamese cat.

A thorough but careful scrubbing in Ivory proved it. With a few weeks of fattening on chicken livers and cream, Sammy really was beautiful. His soft grey fur, his black-muzzled face, his crossed eyes (which plenty of Vitamin A had brought out in all their turquoise glory)—all pointed to royal lineage. Sammy was a throwback to some mysterious Oriental ancestor.

Simple enough it would have been for Sam to remain in hiding and forget his West End upbringing. But no. Sam was a true aristo-cat. One day, after some months, he stole away—back to the orange crate. There he was received, as the Prodigal Son, lovingly by his parent, enviously by his brethren.

Blue blood will bring a creature to overlook past injustices, and he, a true blue-blood, took his mother and Gerry and Tom back to Beacon Hill, where he settled them in a large and luxurious avocado crate, whence they could easily commute to their respective places of business.

But Samuel himself lived like a king in the house, dining on filet mignon and imported caviar, accepting with dignity his daily homage, and sleeping long hours on a fat pillow of Mandarin red silk.

And so he lived there forever after, surrounded by his hundreds of bright blue ribbons and basking day after day in the sweet indolence that his royalty permitted him alone.

* *

Note: Any resemblance to feline characters, living or dead, is coincidental. Any resemblance to the Ugly Duckling is unintentional.



The squirrel,
when he
found out
who Sam
was,
was very
contrite.



Sam fresh from
the
tub

BOOK REVIEW

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

by

Mary R. Doyle '41

"No man is an Island entire of itselfe as well as if a Promontorie were, washed away by the Sea, Europe is the selfe; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a clod bee as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or if thine owne were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

With this "everlasting yea" Hemingway opens his new novel on the Spanish Civil War, and for this "everlasting yea" Hemingway has been "yeaed" by all the critics. Whether this book deserves the manna that has fallen on it is questionable; that it is the best book Hemingway has done is unquestionable; that it is the regeneration of Hemingway remains to be seen. Compared with the old Hemingway, this is definitely an advancement, because here for the first time Hemingway persistently sounds a positive note. What this positive note is, is never very clear, but nevertheless it is there. Sometimes it takes the form of a Utopian ideal, sometimes of a spiritual bond between men facing death for a common cause, sometimes the form of gay camaraderie between men fighting a common enemy. The book is suffused with this positive tone; it is elusive, but it is there. Instead of leaving the book with the usual Hemingway hangover caused by an overdose of absinthe and despair, you leave it with a sense of pleasure, and to a certain extent, healthy pleasure. This is certainly not the old Hemingway of the "eternal nay"; he has not disappeared completely, but somehow he has been

submerged and a more healthy Hemingway has emerged.

The cause of this new note is rather difficult to state in simple terms—it is a subtle change. However, very generally I would say that Hemingway is emerging from the "Wasteland period." He has deserted the "dialogue of the mind with itself" for something that is objective, outside of himself and in a sense greater than himself; that is, the Loyalist cause. He does not lose himself in this cause, but he feels it deeply, realizes its implications and because the cause is a positive thing, Hemingway has something positive to say. And he says it well, not through abstract discussion but through the actions of the people who are passionately involved in the Loyalist cause. He presents his case for the Loyalists through characters more alive and real than any he has created hitherto. In other words, the book is not merely propaganda—the characters are essentially human, so much so, the cause itself is often lost in this essential humanity of the characters. Auselmo, courageously striving to find in the idea of the Republic the longed-for warmth of his lost religious faith. Pilar, the strong but not silent woman, lacking the human appeal of Auselmo,

because she is almost too strong, too sure. The relation of Robert Jordan and Auselmo is a stumbling toward the idea of the dignity of man. They are men; there is a spiritual bond between them because they are men. Each respects in the other the nobility which is in a sense an integral part of their characters. Auselmo is steadfast, Robert Jordan is brave. The quotation at the beginning of this book is not out of order, for this book is more than just humanitarianism, a vague and indefinite love for all men, which vanishes at the test. The people Hemingway presents are actively involved in mankind, they are working for mankind, whether it is ultimately a misdirected work or not.

That the old Hemingway is far from dead is only too evident. There is still something of futility in the book, though it is not the constant note as in his other works. There is still the old demon absinthe, and still the old Hemingway emphasis on sex, but even this theme has a new aura of healthiness about it. Though the girl Maria is weak and feminine, the affair as a whole is satisfactory. It has a somewhat spiritual quality and is a far cry from the jaded, sordid prostitution of love in the old Hemingway. The Gertrude Stein influence is still present, but it is used with mastery. The old stream of consciousness has become a very effective medium for vitalizing the conversation—a part of the charm of the conversation, too, lies in its colloquialism. Heming-

way has always been a master of this. And *mirabile dictu*, there is actually little obscenity. Instead a clever substitution, done in this manner: "That we blow up an obscene bridge and then have to obscenely well obscenity ourselves off of these mountains"—thus Hemingway gets active reader-participation.

I have said much and perhaps made much of this positive tone in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. It is there but that it is caused by the regeneration of Hemingway I doubt very much. I am very suspicious of the recanting of the literati since T. S. Eliot's galante turn from the hollow to the hallowed man. This change among them has been almost too facile; they have been too much the quick-change artists. In this time of crises we will all wear black. However, Hemingway I definitely feel has ended the recitation of the "death wish," and since in a sense he has been the pied piper of the noetics and as such has repudiated them, this marks, I believe the end of this decadent group still standing in the darkness of the post-war period monotonously chanting the "litany of doubt"—chanting it with a hypochondriac's love of being sick in mind and spirit. What may be the advent of a new Hemingway marks the end of the warbling of these "darkling thrushes." They must resolve their doubts. The world is weary of them. So if you ask for whom the bells tolls, I would say it tolls for those who are really hollow men.

IMMORTALITY

BY

ANNA HARRINGTON

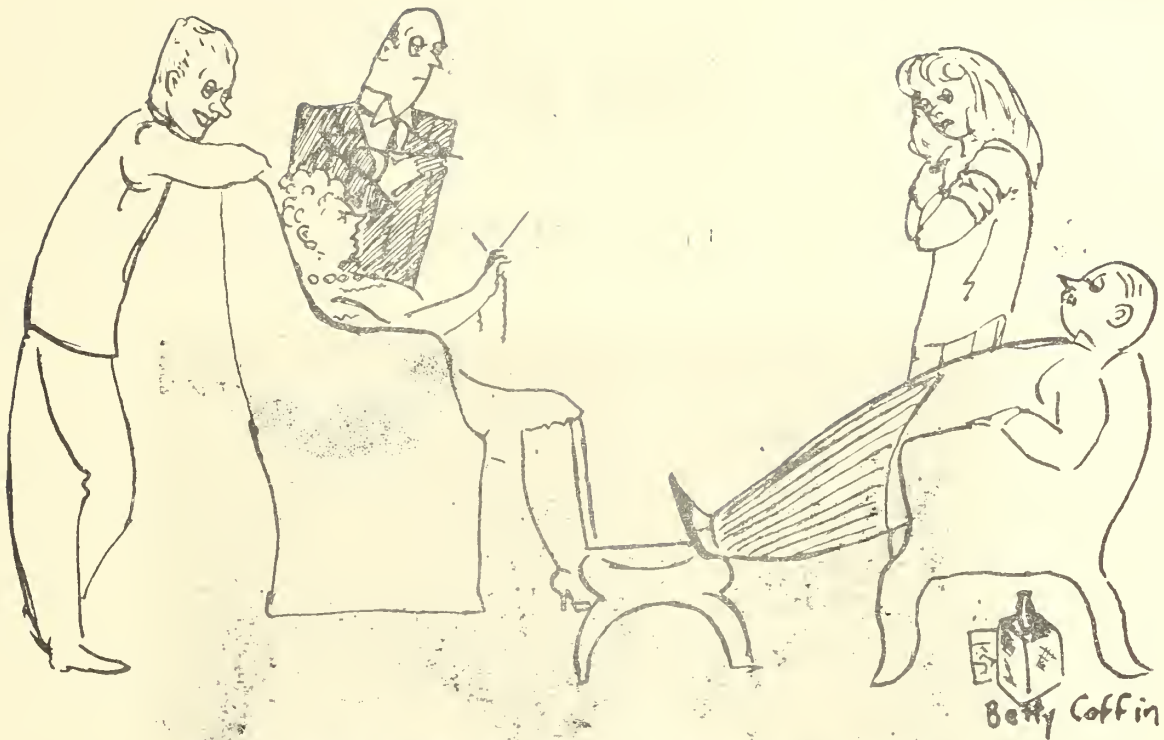
*The fullness of life
Can never fill
The aching space of Time.
Far and vacant corners
Lie waiting to be claimed.
Convergence of the distant walls
We may never hope to see,
Until we brush the cobwebs
From grim Mortality.*

Love' Music

by

William Lennon

*Mad Love, oh, that the glass of reason might
Thy mystery focus into will, or burn
Thy drunken comments from the festered brain
Of one composed too full of thee alone;
Stern siren, circled with the wrecks of hopes,
Though thy compelling pipings reach the ears
Of every shape and grade of life, till life
Indeed is but a dog that hunts his tail,
Pursuing ever that which him eludes;
Yet thy sweet poison poisons me to thee:
For I would sell all title to the name
Of man and yield the property of life
Like frozen gold, if thereby I could crack
Identity itself and peer behind
The dark and fearful murder-mask of Death,
Unpeg the magic chain that ties the times,
And fathom deeper doubts which thy wild music
Stirs in my unsettled soul.*



A MODERN DRAMA BY NORMAN OGAN

SCENE. The library or 'studio' of the Gentry's summer home in Westchester. It is tastefully furnished for the most part in a style that combines the best features of the Peter Watkins and Victorian periods. There is a high bar of the Louis Quinze period. Above the bar we see Mrs. Gentry's collection of fine old whiskey bottles and glasses. We can see by now that it is a room that reflects the personality and taste of the Gentry family. Whatever else we can say about the room we know that it has seen much living.

As the scene opens, we find Mr. Gentry poring over a rare old copy of 'Sixty Things to Do With Gin.' At a glance we can see that Wilkins Gentry knows what to do with gin and has been doing it for many years. He has a fine sensitive face. Everybody in these plays has one.

A voice is heard from offstage.

Monica Gentry—Hello there.

Gentry—I can't understand this younger genera-

tion, Monica. Here I send you to Vassar for three years and you still haven't become a Communist. My friends on the street tell me you voted for Willkie.

Monica enters. (She is twenty-two. Exquisitely dressed in a sweater and skirt. She is really quite beautiful and has lots of style. Well-bred, beautifully groomed. She took first in the debutante class at the horse show.)

Monica (throwing her arms around Gentry)—Dear old Dad.

We now hear a faint rumbling offstage. It gradually increases in volume and reaches a crescendo when Freddie Gentry enters the room. He is a junior at Harvard, but somehow we feel that everything will turn out all right. He has lots of spirit.)

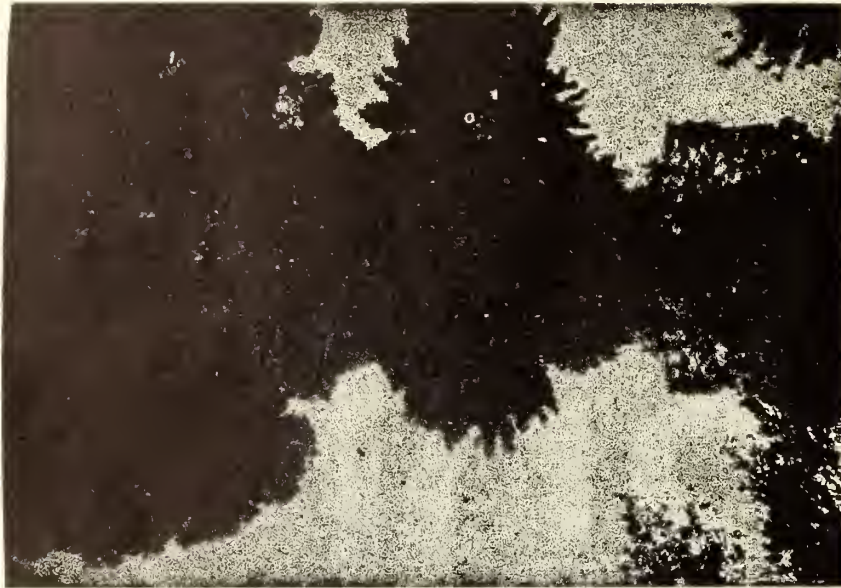
Freddie—I'm bored. (He goes to his father and lights his first hot-foot of the day.)

Continued on Page Nineteen

NAOMI

BY

ROBERT FITZ PATRICK



Bethel was a complacent hamlet hidden in the hills. The tenor of life was sweet for the inhabitants. They lived their lives quietly, concerning themselves from day to day with such things as the weather, the crops, and the tragedies and joys of their rustic lives. Time and God were kindly; Birth and Death were accepted with stolid resignation. The years trundled quietly down the dusty streets, brought gifts of young love, and tenderly carried away the old people to the misty shades beyond the mountains. But there is an old legend that the shuttling Fates may suddenly destroy the careful warp and weft of even such indolent places as Bethel.

One morning long ago, two women walked toward home along the quiet, sunny street. Their baskets were heavy from early marketing, and their tongues were agile with the choicest of gossip. One woman was rather tall, thin, and loose-

jointed. Her arms and legs swung stiffly like wooden laths, so that in walking, she resembled a large, calico-clad marionette. The other woman was shorter, more prim and birdlike. Her dress and bonnet were of bright gingham. As she walked she darted quick glances at every feature of God's earth that swam into her ken. For all the world she seemed to be a little brown wren seeking food for her wide-mouthed birdlings. And as the women passed beneath the ancient, high-arching elms, they conversed on matters dear to their hearts.

'My dear,' ventured Mrs. Calico, in a creaking voice, as befit her structure, 'Have you heard about Lem Haskins' daughter?'

'Heard about her!' squawked Mrs. Gingham, like an indignant fowl, 'Well, I guess I have. Isn't it a shame the way that young one carries on! If she were mine I'd show her how to mend

her ways.'

'And that Stetson boy, that's another one who 'consorts with the devil', as the parson says,' prompted Mrs. Calico.

'Oh, Mrs. Calico, please,' shuddered Mrs. Gingham. 'Don't speak of that boy again. It horrifies me to hear his very name mentioned. I'd deal with him in a way he'd never forget, if he were mine, now I tell you.'

At this, one could picture a large and lusty worm impaled on the beak of an outraged wren.

In the midst of Mrs. Gingham's harangue, her companion's attention was diverted by laughter coming through the open door of the white cottage the two were just then passing. Mrs. Calico nudged Mrs. Gingham insistently at the sound, and they both stared at the door in expectant silence. Presently a young man and woman appeared in the doorway and stepped out onto the porch. They waved cheerily to the two passersby, who responded with prim smiles and bird-like glances, at the same time noting every detail about young couple's appearance. Calico and Gingham continued their way past the house; the other two crossed the lawn and set off out of town by the elm-shaded road.

This little incident sent the good dames away on a long verbal tack to windward, a voyage marked by ecstatic sighs and prim prophecies.

'Isn't it elegant about Ben and Naomi?' breathed Mrs. Gingham. 'So young and handsome and so much in love.'

'Ayeh, indeed,' agreed Mrs. Calico. 'I declare, I never saw such a well-matched couple. What a lovely wedding it will be!'

So saying, the women chattered along on their way to Purgatory.

Ben and Naomi had reached the edge of the quiet village. They had been inspected and approved by the curtain-peeking housewives and old men, and were apparently free to continue on their way. The lovers knew they had been watched but they were not at all perturbed.

Ben looked down at Naomi and smiled. 'Do you suppose they mind?' he asked.

'You know they don't mean anything by it,' she laughed. 'It's just that they are interested in us.'

'Well,' Ben murmured, 'I suppose it's better to have them approve behind curtains than to criticise openly.'

'Oh, Ben,' she admonished, 'Don't think that way. They are our friends, and maybe someday we'll be like they are.'

'God forbid,' Ben retorted jokingly, then they joined in a guarded laugh as he added: 'Now that we've run the gauntlet, we're free.'

Once out of town, the two lovers followed the path to the high meadow. The sunlight filtered through the heavy pine boughs and made a dappled shade along the way. The lovers walked slowly through the cathedral silence. They looked often at each other, completely happy, and living only for each other. In time their long climb was ended, and they stood in a clearing at the side of the pond. Arm in arm they looked westward toward the blue hill-horizon, toward the hazy ranges that seemed to reach up to heaven. Below them stretched the green valley with its little patterned fields, its silver-glistening river, and the tiny white houses of Bethel.

'How lovely,' murmured Naomi.

'Yes,' answered Ben. For a moment they stayed there, awed by the vast beauty of the scene before them, and a little frightened by the eternal silence of the hills. 'And it's all ours,' he added softly.

Presently they turned away to prepare their lunch. Naomi, a little early with her concern about Ben's health, plied him with all manner supposedly health giving dainties until he, completely surfeited, rolled over with a groan, and lay quite still.

'What's the matter, Ben?' cried Naomi in alarm.

After a moment of suspense he opened his right eye slowly and stated simply: 'I'm dead. Come here and weep over me.'

With an expression of mock sorrow, Naomi knelt by his side and gazed sorrowfully down at him, while she murmured 'Poor Ben! Oh, my poor Ben, what have I done to you?'

'Done to me?' he echoed accusingly, 'Why, you made me so healthy it killed me.' At this they laughed gaily, and looked smilingly at one another, until Ben began to sing softly:

'Come and sit by side if you love me.' Naomi

lay at his side.

They turned their faces toward the sky, their eyes watching the clouds moving past like celestial galleons, white ships on a sapphire sea. The lovers looked often at each other and smiled. Ben marveled at Naomi's black hair, her large, soft brown eyes, and her delicately-formed features. She gazed at Ben's thoughtful face upturned to the sky, and she thought of how handsome he was, how strong, how blue his eyes, and fair his coloring. They lay there in silence, a silence as fraught with meaning as that of the hills.

After what seemed an ecstatic moment, and soon lost in eternity, Ben murmured: 'Do you see those white ships up there in the sky, Naomi? Do you see how they move, as if they were drifting in the wind? How good it would be if we had one of them.'

'But we do have one, Ben! exclaimed Naomi. 'We have our own little white boat down at the wharf, and we can pretend that it is a cloud, can't we?'

'Yes, Naomi,' he answered softly. 'And we'll let it carry us to wherever it will.'

They got up from the grass, and ran laughing to the shore. Ben pulled the boat out of the reeds that clustered around the wharf, and then he helped Naomi into the boat. Soon it was moving slowly across the unrippled surface of the black-gleaming water. Naomi sat in the stern, Ben in the rower's seat. He moved his strong arms slowly in an easy rhythm, and as he rowed he looked thoughtfully at Naomi. He thought of how blest he was to be loved by her, and he hoped that the day and all its gay incidents were but auguries of the new life he and she were soon to enter.

For a moment he mused over his illusions, then with a feeling of complete happiness, he returned to reality. 'Do you see any red lilies here today, Naomi?' he asked.

'Yes, I think so, Ben. In front of us a little way. Keep rowing and we'll come right upon them.' Ben rowed as she directed and soon the boat was slowed down by the mass of clustered lily pads.

'Oh, Ben! exclaimed Naomi, 'They're beautiful! We must gather some! Look to the front of

the boat there, there are some lovely ones you can reach. I'll gather these back here.'

Ben turned and moved cautiously to the bow. Reaching out carefully, he began to gather the tenacious lilies. For a moment the two were silent as they pulled the lilies from pliant stems. Suddenly the silence hanging over the pond was shattered by a terror-filled scream from the stern. Ben whirled at the sound. A startled cry rose in his throat as he saw Naomi fall from the boat. He lunged toward the stern as her body splashed into the water. His foot slipped in the water that had seeped in. He lost his balance and fell headlong. His head struck dully against the middle thwart. He lay in an awkward heap, insensible. A tragic silence settled again on the water and hung on the somber, surrounding pines.

A few minutes later Ben awoke, a throbbing pain in his head. With a desperate cry he remembered what had happened. He rose quickly to his feet and plunged into the slowly swirling lily pads. He groped around deep among the forest of twining stems on the dark bottom of the pond. When his lungs could no longer stand the torture he came to the surface, gasping for air. Again and again he dived into the dismal water until, after what seemed to him an eternity, he came to the surface with Naomi's limp form.

From that point on, the following incidents were unknown to Ben. Mrs. Calico, Mrs. Gingham, the parson's wife, the old men, and all the children of Bethel first saw him walking down the middle of the street, and carrying his silent burden. They called to him; he seemed not to hear. His head was erect, his eyes set-staring vacantly before him, though he seemed to see nothing. The people went to him and took Naomi from his arms. They spoke to him again and again, but he gave no answer.

'It's the shock,' the parson's wife said. 'Oh, the poor boy, the poor boy! We must take him home.'

There was weeping among the people of Bethel for several days. It seemed for a time that the effect of the tragedy would never leave the quiet place. But Time itself slowly dried the lin-

Continued on Page Nineteen

Naomi and the Lilies

by

Harold McCarthy

NOTE: *This is the poetic version of the prose
narrative NAOMI, by Robert Fitzpatrick*

*The lilies, Naomi, gather the lilies in your arms
There with the water idly flowing
Blue-green in the shadowed sunlight
Gather the lilies, Naomi
In your thin, pale arms the lilies
Always in sun or moonlight.*

*As it should be,
There where the tenuous stems are weaving
There above the blackness
Amidst the eternal flow of blue-green water,
Dwell there, Naomi.
Like a soul, fugitive in the body,
Vaguely at rest—
There upon the darkness your light body.*

*So I would have you, Naomi
Gathering the lilies in your arms
The white, the blood-red lilies in your slender
arms.
You would inhabit all my mind
Immortal while I lived all Summer hours,
There, amidst the blue-green water's flowing
The lily clusters bursting in your arms.*

O D E to the English Spring

By
Robert Mc Cartney

I

*I have watched upon the gardens of the World
And have seen new flowers fall, yet uncurled.
My fingers, pressed against the wind,
Have trapped the breath of those who rimmed
The sky to leave the earth a shamble
And fill the gardens o'er with bramble.*

*And the breath said:
"There shall be a day when the dead are sown
In gardens of their own
That men shall gather of a morning
Under the parliamentary awning
And rustle papers,
Making conversation on the number
Of the dead."*

*A second breathed to the other:
"By the shattered magnificence of cities brought to dust
By harrows begging rain to tool their steel with rust
Shall you know this land and the men who forgot light.
These unfaced faces beaten under stone last night
Were men: the beauty and the works of God,
Crumbled now like Sodom's walls that knew no god.
And the angel of death?
This, my rational brother."*

*A whispered chant went by:
"And we shall count among
The desecrated dead
All those whose graves were dug
In the light of an earlier sun.
Medieval hands that worked
The wooden
Peasant beads
Were hands that made cathedrals stand
Against the sky."*

*A wind that was majesty:
"Have it known this is a day to put away
Violins for a cup of blood. Burrow deep I say
Into a smattering of subways. It shall be an age
Of moles! The living blind infest the moulage
Roots of cities, to spread the greater pestilence
Of darkness in the heart. Expectans
Expectavi Dominum. A song known to Moses
And the current Stravinski . . .*

Q U A R T E R L Y

II

*Old clocks tick and dust-motes gather
Shall what man weep that the moon is a cadaver?
Hallowed place for layers of sweet herb among
Thatched eaves was England with her twilight throng
Of dwellers at the conversational doorway,
Ante bellum. Before the gardens passed away.*

*Sweep the cherry down,
Bend it low.
Summertime will never go.*

*Pluck the blossoms,
Spread the bough.
Summertime is now, is now.*

*And in the other places: above the Unchristian racket
In Charlie's Garden
(Dispensary for alcoholic brews
And the cylindrical
Fag)
Sounds a sanguine victrola,
Like the saxophone of God
On Judgment Day.
Here the drunken crickets dwell,
Toasting their feet at the gates of Hell.*

III

*Yet, shall we grant to the earth returning mists,
Forever shut gardens from the resurrecting sun?*

*My fingers pressed against the wind
Have trapped the breath of those who rimmed
The sky to leave the earth a shamble
And fill the gardens o'er with bramble.
And the voices speak out louder than the wind:*

*April
that quiet virgin
with her garments seamless green
is returned again to fill
most fragrant and fragile chalices:
tulip, iris, and hyacinth.
Again upon the shores of England
stands the sun hardy conqueror.
Break open the earth;
make bare the face of the soil,
for he will be received.
Yesterday
the last petal sank
in the pool of October.*

Continued on Page Twenty

Why War?

By

James C. Graham

The United States is rapidly turning all her productive energies to the aid of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There can be little doubt that our present policy of aid to Britain will lead to active engagement in the fight to destroy Nazism. Active engagement signifies all the horrors, waste of human lives and personal sacrifice that we have serenely witnessed in Europe and China.

The questions asked by all young Americans, we who have hoped for life, peace, security, and happiness are, "What are we fighting for? Why will American men cross three thousand miles of water to die? To save Democracy? That is the story fed our fathers a few years ago, and look what has happened. Will our children be fighting again in 30 years for the same reason?"

These are the questions that must be answered truthfully. If the answers justify the supreme sacrifices of war, then Americans will be ready to continue on their present policy which inevitably means war. I will first answer the question of immediate importance, "What are we fighting for?" and then the question, which is of greater significance, "Will our children be fighting again in 25 years to save Democracy?"

I believe we very definitely are fighting to save Democracy as a way of life. A way of life that has many faults, injustices, and inequalities, but a way of life that respects the common liberties of mankind, that allows man to worship a God or deny the existence of any God, a way of life that recognizes man as an individual. The Polish people are now enjoying the nazi way of life. Their way of life is more often a quick and violent way to death; or worse, a delightful vacation in a concentration camp. To illustrate—in one Polish village several Germans were shot by unenlightened Poles. In reprisal, the Germans lined up the inhabitants and shot every tenth person. The living remainder were given the pleasant task of tossing the dead into ditches and burying them. The Germans have spread similar en-

lightenment among the French, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, Danes, Slovacs, Czechs, Rumanians, Croats, Bulgars, Greeks,

England, without our material and moral support, would probably have wilted before the superior German pressure after the fall of France. She will need increasing support as her resources lessen at home and her morale falls with continued German success on land and in the battle of the Atlantic. If England is beaten, we will not be faced with immediate military invasion. But our way of life would be seriously threatened and would soon disintegrate in the face of the most powerful combination in the world's history. Briefly, Germany would control shipbuilding facilities three times greater than ours. She would force South America into economic and political collaboration, and Japan would be free to move at will in the Pacific. At home, we would have to maintain a tremendous army and navy. We would live under a continual war economy leading to bankruptcy. Nazi prestige would win many converts, and fifth column activities would undermine our institutions. In time, we would be faced with subordination or fighting. Either course would result in the loss of all those liberties which have been the American tradition since the founding of our nation. To preserve those liberties which so many free nations have lost, we must defend them with vigor. It seems, therefore, that the wiser course is to oppose Nazism while Britain's people still believe enough in freedom to make every sacrifice to keep it.

The second question cannot be answered definitely. We can do one thing however. We can profit from the mistakes, experiences, and lessons of past history. By using reason and knowledge we may hope to formulate a peace that will "end war" and justify this one. The lesson that must be learned is that some form of collective security is absolutely necessary to world peace. Until we recognize the need for collective security

and apply it, world peace will remain a myth. The form in which we apply collective security is not so important as the fact that several principles need be accepted and applied. First, there must be world disarmament and an international police force strong enough to suppress any aggressor. Secondly, there must be equal economic freedom for all peoples. This entails free trade between nations. It also entails the end of exploitation of backward nations and the right of all nations to trade on equal terms with such countries. These

are the basic principles for world peace, though others of lesser importance must be recognized.

The important thing to remember is that the future will be determined by what we do in the present. If we can learn the lessons of the past and act wisely in the present, there is hope for the future. If we fail, a victory in the present war will mean no more than did the last "peace"—an armistice in which the defeated rise and arm to struggle once more for national honor and superiority.

MODERN DRAMA

Continued from Page Eleven

(At this point Mrs. Gentry enters. You will remember Judge Shaw's daughter. She is very expensively dressed. Even her teeth.)

Mrs. Gentry—Oh, you darlings—you darlings! I've just had the most wonderful idea for the weekend. We won't have anybody up. *(She thinks for a moment and falls exhausted into a chair.)*

Mr. Gentry—What—no Russians?

Monica—Look what happened to England when she tried to get along without Russians.

Mrs. Gentry—I think the war is so interesting. When are we getting another shipment of refugees? *(She settles back in her chair and begins knitting a loin-cloth for the All to Abyssinia War Relief Fund.)*

Mr. Gentry—What's new at Harvard, son?

Freddy—It's been awfully boring. Mrs. Roosevelt and Sally Rand. But things are brightening up. We expect Ann Corio next week.

Monica—Dear Old Howard.

(Frothingham enters. He is a fine old butler of the Herfordshire type. Lord Halifax brought him along in exchange for two destroyers.)

Frothingham—If I may be permitted to say so, sir.

Freddy—No.

(Frothingham exists or rather seeps out of the room. His face a well bred mask.)

(Mike Williams enters. He is dressed simply, but in good taste—in corduroy trousers and a sweat shirt. He has a lot of black hair, most of which is stuffed in the neck of his shirt. Altogether, a very nice boy.)

Mike—None of your small minds is able to comprehend the issues involved in modern socialism.

Mr. Gentry *(with vast tolerance)*—What's new at the Ford plant, son?

Mike—I haven't been able to get through the picket line. But I'll get the interview and the job too. You wait and see.

Now we have all the characters. I'll leave the action to Philip Barry or S. N. Behrman who do it much better.

I am sure this sort of thing has got to stop if we expect to have any serious modern drama. Wisecracks and weekends are all very well, but one gets awfully tired of them after a while.

NAOMI

Continued from Page Fourteen

gering tears, and eventually the village regained much of its pensive indolence. The years passed down the streets as before, again brought gifts of young love, again tenderly carried the old people to the misty shades beyond the mountains. Mrs. Calico and Mrs. Gingham still walked home from marketing on warm summer mornings; still talked of matters dear to their hearts. Occasionally they met a rapidly aging young man who walked alone the quiet, elm-shaded street. The man frightened and saddened the women as he passed them, because his eyes were set-staring and unseeing. He mumbled soft words of seeming self-reproach, and often a word which sounded like 'Naomi.'

'Isn't it a shame about poor Ben,' Mrs. Calico would say. 'Just a ghost walking the streets, whispering and staring. I declare, it's enough to give a body the creeps.'

'Ayeh, indeed,' Mrs. Gingham would sigh. 'And do you know, Mrs. Calico, he goes up to the pond every day in summer, whether rain or shine, and stands there looking at the water, without saying a word, just staring at the place where the lilies grow. And you can just tell he's looking for Naomi, you can just tell. The poor soul!'

Thus the women talked, as Ben grew older

and lonelier, while Bethel slumbered in its fastness in the tall-towering hills, and Time moved on in its relentless shuttle.

But the waters always ebb and flow, and Spring comes forever upon the hills again, with new life and new gods. All that remains of Yesterday has been turned to incense, burning in tiny golden vessels on the altars of the heart.

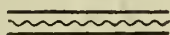
ODE TO THE ENGLISH SPRING

Continued from Page Seventeen

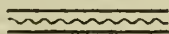
*Tomorrow is
June.
Pattern
in the gardens of the world
ever returns in multi-chrome.
And these gardens are my home.*

Printed by
CARPENTER & MOREHOUSE
Amherst Tel. 178

THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY



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DECEMBER 1941

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

THE
COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

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PRAYER: CHRISTMAS 1941

*O Sweet and Tender Babe, we pray
That you give us this Christmas Day
Not peace, not love, but hate—
That we may find it in our hearts
To kill, to wound, to mutilate.*

Thou Prince of Peace, be Lord of Hosts!
Make bold our warriors, guard our coasts.
Let shrapnel bursting be our song;
Our weakness none, our hatred strong.
Thou Gift of Love, our hearts ensteel
That we no sympathy may feel,
That we may strike our foes, their halls,
And like some giant whip that falls
Leave there a livid cruel welt
With no regret or pity felt.

*O Sweet and Tender Babe, we pray
That you give us this Christmas Day
Not peace, not love, but hate—
That we may find it in our hearts
To kill, to wound, to mutilate.*

We hate you not—because of this—
Because we beg aggressiveness,
For we must hate to wage a war.
But when we finish, and through the gore,
Retain our souls' integrity,
Then can we love, again be free.
When evil sickens on the earth,
Then can we sing Your gloried birth
And join the praising angel band
To laud Your Peace throughout the land.

—Annette Bousquet '44

GULLIVER--MODERN ATHENS

When I thought I could no longer endure the jabberwockings of the city men, I asked if there weren't one rational being among them. Whereupon I was immediately invited to visit their most famous university where I was assured intelligence and rationality abounded.

Having no choice, I agreed with some reluctance, and within ten days I was being rushed madly across the country. I arrived at the University of Regionalism, Duelism, and Feudism at eight o'clock none too hopeful. I was greeted at the station by the usual stove pipes, striped pants and politic spouting. The President of the University was there — a former manufacturer of tractors with a flair for penny-pinching. I was also introduced in turn to each of the men and learned that each represented a so-called "compartment." Each held sway over a pupil city, for the whole university was divided into these cities. There was constant feuding among these cities or compartments, and each maintained a high wall and moat for protection. No philosophy man dared to enter the walled city of the English compartment; no history man would dare approach on the property of the philosophy compartment. Each was *solus sanctus* to itself. Within the compartments, internecine war went on. The word-hunters hurled epithets at the idea-hunters. The battle of the books still raged between the ancients and the moderns — the difference being that the ancients were modern-ancients, knowing only one or two words of the classical languages and being in a perpetual fever as to their exact meanings. The moderns often were more ancient than the ancients. The breed calling themselves creative artists were known only by their garb, which garb was their only claim to calling themselves creative, being much more original than anything else they created. They were limited to two poetic subjects: corn and the particularly muddy soil of the place about which they wrote voluminously and at a great profit. The students were kept in prisons and were allowed to play games only with each other; and on days when they did so, all the Yahoos turned out in the skins of animals and rocked and screamed as though they were mad. The students were herded every day for a few hours into small rooms crowded with chairs, where some man mumbled a few odds and ends which they were obliged to take down and memorize, but forbidden to think or talk about. The students were merely a means to an end for most of the professors, who had learned all their practices from a book

smuggled secretly into the university and circulated among all the professors called "How to Win Places by Influencing Friends."

Out here, as everywhere else, morality was ostentatiously practised. As long as one did make this display, he could do anything privately and under cover. "Enter only by the back door." Disease was rampant especially among the professors, some of whom were afflicted with ethico-aesthetico hysteria—other with aesthetico-ethico hysterico—while still others suffered most violent diarrhea from a disease called logico-positivico, which slowly devoured all the insides, leaving nothing but a shell.

There was one peculiar compartment called the "graduated" compartment, which was made up of students who were completely "undermined," to use their peculiar expression for explosives. They had already spent four years in a similar place—this being a pattern for all their schools. They were a wretched lot—morally, mentally, and physically. They despaired especially because of the example of what they were to become trudging before them. Many of them cared little, and enjoyed sitting at little desks in stuffy, smelly rooms, copying rapidly what someone else had said and reworking it so that somebody would not recognize it. It was really a mild form of thievery for which they were not penalized—for the system encouraged it. The noise of their scratching could be heard as clearly as the rats in the basement, which were undermining the building. "Futility" was their watchword, and they suffered fates more horrible than death, whether becoming militant heads of compartments or starving to death slowly but surely. Sometimes they were happily rescued from such fates by reason of the military nature of their country which gave many an opportunity of dying nobly on the battlefield for the honor of their country and for their own great relief.

Of course, the most peculiar thing about the University was the fact that one had to go through rigorous training to learn how to walk backward, for a penalty of death was imposed on anyone who marched forward. I had heard that at least twenty people in the last one hundred and fifty years had been shot for turning to look where they were going. This training was imposed so that no one would face any issues — for this, once done, would eliminate the necessity of universities as they then existed. Of course, the government approves of this policy, because of the revolutionary tendencies of the professors. What if they ever walked forwards — poof!

I hated all this, but I had no way of escape from the dread torture of matriculation. So I curbed my impatience and reconciled myself to some four years in this backward way of life. At that time, I surmised they would shoo me off the grounds with all the

other Yahoos, and I could begin again to look for a rational man. In the meantime, my only consolation was in the stables of the army horses, whom I found to fare rather badly, being daily battered in the hands of unskilled female Yahoos. It always remained a comfort to me, however, to leave the halls of study and visit those horses — they smelled so clean.

—*Mary R. Doyle '40*

DISCORDANT

If the tulips bloomed, in sunshine,
On the face of those parched brown bricks,
And ivy lived,
Climbing and twining,
Round the dead rotten frames of our windows—

If the creaking fire escape,
(Where we sit every night, together,
To watch the black smoke of the day
Lift and drift up for an hour,)
Were a stairway, pale and poetic
That hung by a thread of clouds,
From a star we can see
Through the skylight,
When the neon sign is off—

If the muddy polluted river
Were silver, not brown, by the moon,
Less murky—with a power of translucence,
Reflecting the faces of those
Who stroll in darkness, as we do—

If this grim alley,
Filthless, once again,
Were two palisades
Of blue and purple larkspur,
And we walked through them
To the nucleus of a cloud,

Then these faces, dirty, streaked with tears,
Would be in heaven,
And we should be——

Decent,
Incongruent,
And out of tune!

—*Anonymous '42*

BACK TO NATURE

or

Suggestions and Autosuggestions

Author's Note: This little gem was dashed off spontaneously in a moment of exquisite delirium after a reading of J. J. Rousseau's *Emile or Education* in which there are presented to view, as everybody knows, among other ineffable suggestions, Rousseau's suggestion to teach "negatively" and also his religion of nature.

Like other subliminal masterpieces of original creation, the following had to pop out; it could not be contained. It is, to put it mildly, a pathetic playlet in one act and one scene—a tragedy in which the leading character, of which there are two, is riddled with buckshot by a little savage by a little brook.

The scene is an idyllic rendezvous on the drear fringes of civilization. It is Indian summer, with the accent on Indian. The sky is besprinkled with soft, fuzzy-white clouds. The beaming sun sends long, lazy shafts of light down into the deliciously green glen. The birds are chirping and chortlin' away and the gurgling forest stream is positively twinkling in its pristine purity. All nature is chuckling—beneficently.

It is ten o'clock in the morning for no accountable reason.

Emile and his guide Jean-Jacques enter.

They have just arisen from a deep, dreamless stupor, which they are vainly trying to shake off.

Both are clad in moccasins.

Emile, about ten years of age, presents a savage little figure: His body is burnt a dark, smoky brown, having had nothing but sun baths for the last nine years or so. His hair is long and matted, and shot through with pine needles. He toddles along unsteadily on all fours, closely behind Jean-Jacques—also on all fours. They are out of step, if that means anything, but maybe it doesn't. (Maybe it *does*, at that, depending on the way you look at it.) (Please pardon the digression.)

Jean-Jacques is beyond description. (But maybe we ought to describe *him* a little bit, too. It helps sometimes in some ways to explain a character's actions if we can see him before us, as it were.) (Again please pardon the digression.)

Well, Jean-Jacques has all the ear-marks of a noble savage. His face is fixed in a benign but beastly scowl. He looks haggard and worn, and you cannot blame him, for apparently Emile's exuberant animal spirits have led him a right merry chase.

Jean-Jacques is the first to speak. His voice is low and husky. There is always a hint of hesitation in his words, as though he feared to express himself—except by suggestion.

As a matter of equality, fraternity and liberty, they call each other respectively "E" and "J-J". (Cute, isn't it?)

J-J: (Speaking like one in a dream, like one who has obviously repeated the following words an infinite number of times, and obviously expects the usual response. He seems to be swinging from memory.)

"Emile," says he, "isn't the water cool and clean?"

E: (foggily) Huh?

J-J: (bravely) I say, isn't the water clean and——?

E: (snappish) I dunno; is it,

J-J: (patiently) Indeed yes. (Then lyrical-like) Behold the undulating, sparkling diamonds dancing in delightful ecstasy. (J-J turns his head expectantly from left to right, then from right to left like one who hopes his pretty speech has been overheard by someone, present company excepted. J-J is about to repeat "diamonds dancing in delightful . . . , etc." but—)

E: (obviously bored and with an unconcealed yawn says) Aw, flap-doodle!

J-J: (still very patiently, almost eagerly) They say cleanliness is next to godliness.

E: (curtly) Who sez?

J-J: (mysteriously and with a playful challenge) Oh, people say so.

E: (with feigned interest) What's people?

J-J (triumphantly, like one who fancies he's making headway, like one, in short, who thinks he has something there.) Oh, people are men and women.

E: (feigning a look of intelligence) Oh!

J-J: (scratches his head and falls into a goop.* He seems to be groping for another suggestion, but very vaguely. Finally he speaks, though very uncertainly) Shall - uh - we eat?

E: (bounding up on his haunches — gleefully -- ravenously) Food eh!

(They eat—bananas and cocoanut milk. After E. has swished down the cocoanut milk he heaves the shell at his compaion. Fortunately for J-J the aim is poor.)

J-J: (reprovingly, but not too reprovingly) Is that nice, Emile?

E: (grinning) Naughty, but nice (heaving the banana skins, which strike J-J full in the beard, J-J looks a little hurt.)

* Note: "goop" = "brown study"

E: (immediately all sympathy and self-pity) You shouldn't o' sed that.

J-J: (puzzled) Said what?

E: (pouting) 'Is that nice?' Course, everything's nice.

J-J: (bravely, stoutly) Yes, of — of course.....

E: (In a delirious reverie. Comes out of it and falls into a deep melancholy.) What's sin?

J-J: (pouncingly) Sin? Sin is a figment of the brain. It comes from the mind. It's the opposite of good and, I might say, of god.

E: (more than puzzled) What's God?

J-J: (warming up to his subject) Oh — god? Well, god is everything.

E: (with an incredulous smile) Are *you* god?

J-J: (divinely) Well — uh——.

E: (ignoring J-J's holiness, plucks a pine needle from his hair) Is *this* God?

J-J: (stumped, very lamely—almost apologetically) I—I goose eeg—I mean, I guess so.

E: (abruptly, but very abruptly) I wanna shoot ducks. Gimme my gun.

J-J: (reluctantly hands him a gun*) There're no ducks today.

E: (reflectively, then cunningly) No ducks, eh? Guess'll have to shoot you, then.

J-J: (swiftly, indeed very swiftly) All right, shoot ducks, E.

E: (prompted and persuaded by auto-suggestion, slowly, deliberately) No—J-J—I—wanna shootchyou.

J-J: (begins an inner struggle, but waives it aside as being too academic, then resignedly and stoically) All right, then shoot away.

E: (takes aim, fires. J-J falls deader'n hay. E rushes to him, filled with unbounded glee. He plants one foot upon J-J's breast, pounds his own with the butt of his gun, and with head raised, utters a loud, piercing Tarzan yell, in incredibly bad French, that sounds vaguely like liberty, fraternity and equality, then dashes off on all fours into the deep solitude of the forest to join his brother chimpanzees, as the scene, both earth and air, is blackened by beasts of prey**, who begin to rend J-J limb from limb, and bear him piecemeal into the upper regions. As the curtain slowly descends, nature is chuckling beneficently.)

Moral: Ain't nature grand?

—Anonymous

* Note: This and a pine needle are the only stage properties necessary, except, of course, nature.

**Note: Sorry, add "beasts of prey" to stage properties.

HEAVEN AND MR. MORRIS

By Phoebe I. Stone

Mr. Morris was a peaceful man. All his life he avoided arguments. Consequently, he had not meant to marry. But Amanda changed his mind. After her death, he had not meant to marry again, but Martha changed his mind. His life was not miserable with either woman, but somehow, after Martha's death, when he had undergone a period of decent grief, Mr. Morris' shoulders straightened, and his tone of voice grew firmer.

It was too bad that Mr. Morris' independence should have been cut short by death, too; but, as he reflected philosophically when he found himself sitting on a long golden bench, we must all die sometime. However, this was not what he had pictured death to be. True, his ideas on the subject had been nebulous; but he **had** expected something to happen to him in such a state. And suddenly, there emerged from nowhere a corpulent angel with neat blue-and-white pin-striped wings.

"Ah," he beamed heartily, "a stranger in our midst, I take it."

"Er--yes," stammered Mr. Morris. "The fact is I don't know exactly—"

"What to do," supplied the corpulent angel. "Well, that's just my department. Before?"

"Before?" repeated Mr. Morris hesitantly. "Before what?"

"No, no," said the angel. "I mean who, what and where were you in the life before this?"

"Oh," said Mr. Morris, "I see. Um—James H. Morris, Book-keeper, Prattville, Pa."

"Very good," pronounced the angel. He wrote something in a little notebook that he had clipped to his wings, and started down the golden walk. Mr. Morris, not knowing what else to do, followed him. Soon they stood facing a large mother-of-pearl building with windows outlined in gold.

"There you are," announced the corpulent angel with a flourish. "Just step in and ask for Mr. Morris' apartment. They've been expecting you for a long time."

Mr. Morris murmured to himself, "How sinister!" but aloud he said, "Thank you very much. You've been very kind."

"Don't mention it," replied the angel briskly. As he went down the path, he jerked a thumb over his shoulder towards the building. "You'll find it very comfortable, I'm sure. All modern conveniences—except heating. That's another department."

Mr. Morris found the inside of the building cool and dim—very different from the outside glare. A spruce young angel with tortoise shell glasses looked up from a book. Mr. Morris always liked to know what other people were reading, so he stole a glance at the title. It was Dante's "Inferno."

"Your name, please," inquired the young angel courteously. Mr. Morris cleared his throat. "Morris. I think I'm expected." "Why, certainly," said the young angel. "We always expect people. Just follow me."

Mr. Morris was quite used to following people by now, so he proceeded down the hall after his guide.

The angel stopped in front of a door marked "Reserved" and stepped inside. "I think you'll find it satisfactory. They'll be around to measure you for a pair of wings in the morning."

Left to himself, Mr. Morris glanced about. Certainly, it was a comfortable room, but there was something missing. He sat down to consider what it was.

Suddenly, the door opened and two sturdy women, one short and the other tall, burst into the room. Ah, that was it! Amanda and Martha, of course.

"James! My husband!"

"My husband! James!"

The two women were suddenly aware of each other. Mr. Morris said nothing.

"I beg your pardon," said Martha icily.

"Not at all," said Amanda distantly. "You seem to have made a mistake. This is my husband, and it's high time he got here."

"Your husband?" demanded Martha. "Rather your mistake. James and I were married at the Second Unitarian Church, June 3, 1915."

"Be that as it may," said Amanda loftily, "we were married at the First Unitarian Church, April 2, 1902, and while I do not condone James' lapse of taste since then—June weddings are so common—I shall endeavor to forget it. Furthermore, I may exercise rights of priority, although I daresay that will be unnecessary. Won't it, James dear?"

"I'm afraid," rejoined Martha haughtily, "that you're overlooking James' personal preference. Isn't she, dear James?"

Mr. Morris felt that he had to say something. "My dear—I mean, my dears, I mean, girls—please, let's try to be reasonable. Let's try to settle this calmly. After all—"

"James," said Amanda, "you are right. I will attempt to point out to this lady—"

"James," said Martha, "you have struck it. WE must be rational. I'm sure we can explain to this unfortunate lady—"

There was a knock at the door. "Respite" flashed through Mr. Morris' mind as he said "Come in."

In strolled a dignified angel with black serge wings. "I beg your pardon," he said smoothly, "But in my peregrinations I heard the sound of altercation. Can I be of assistance? I'm quite accustomed to settling disputes. I was once (he looked wistful) a master of tergiversation, a well-known attorney, but here of course, I come merely as a friend."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Mr. Morris, with swift boldness, startled himself by replying.

"These are my wives." How bigamous the bare facts sounded. "I mean," he explained hastily, "I was married to them—one at a time, of course—"

"Ah," said the angel. "Then the problem is, to put it tersely, one husband, two wives, or, more concisely, plurality of wives, singularity of husbands."

Here, Mr. Morris blushed. He had never thought of himself as strange in any way before. There was a long pause. To Mr. Morris it was fraught with all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. He didn't want to be married to Amanda or Martha—he didn't want to be married at all. Surely in Heaven a man ought to be allowed to make up his own mind about such things. Anyhow, the whole subject was simply too earthly to be thought of. He cleared his throat.

"It seems to me," he said calmly, "that this is a rather mundane discussion. After all, I take it that this is Heaven."

"True," said the former joy of the judiciary, "but there has been precedent, you know. I recall a somewhat similar case—"

"Never mind about that," interposed Amanda, rather sharply. "This is the case of James and me."

"I think I may say that I have some share in this affair," declared Martha coldly.

At this point there came another knock at the door. "This is getting to be rather a community affair," thought Mr. Morris. "No doubt some one will come in with a microphone to tell us we go on the air in five minutes."

But the man who bounced into the room needed no microphone for he was George Minch, super-star salesman of the Haddock Drug Co., where Mr. Morris had formerly been employed.

"Well, if it ain't Sunny Jim! Didn't know I was here, did you, Sunny Jim? Well, I wasn't going to let you get too much ahead of me. I just got in. Say, where are you staying? I've got a dandy

place. C'mon with me." Having stopped for breath, he turned to the ladies and bowed gallantly. Then he addressed Mr. Morris again. "Hurry up, Sunny Jm. We got to get down to the club."

"What club, George? asked Mr. Morris a little bewildered as he always was by George's exuberance.

"What club? Didn't you hear about the Association of Married Once or More Men Who Wish They Were Single Again? It's a new department—this morning's edition of "The Last Trumpet" said it seemed to fill a long-felt want up here."

Mr. Morris gazed fondly at George. He had never really appreciated him before. What a splendid fellow he was. A bit noisy, of course, but under that rough exterior what a really splendid fellow. Jauntily he followed George to the door.

"James. You're really not going with this — this — man, are you?" It was the first time Mr. Morris had ever seen Amanda unsure of herself.

Martha turned to the lawyer angel. "He can't, can he?"

Mr. Morris answered for himself. "Goodbye, girls. I'm off to the A. M. O. M. M. W. W. T. W. S. A." And he and the beaming George went out the door.

He stopped again. "There's just one thing you girls forgot. After all, this is Heaven." And this time he really left.

—Phoebe Stone 41



SATURDAY NIGHT

It was Saturday night. The red and blue sign over "Little Mike's" was flashing on and off in the dark street, when I turned in, and it made me think how warm it would be inside with lights and music, and I felt good. The wind came whistling up the empty street from the waterfront, bouncing against Mike's dirty brick wall and rattling the papers into little whirlpools along the alley. Then the street was quiet except for the muffled noises of people laughing and talking inside and of a radio playing softly in one of the flats above me. I looked up and saw a light in one of the windows along the fire-escape. Then I opened the door to Mike's.

Always, I used to like to stand for a minute, right inside the door and take in everything. It felt good inside "Little Mike's," kind of warm and glowing, and it smelled good, with hamburgers cooking and beer on the tables and people smoking and the dancers sweating. You had the sense of being there very much, and of not being able to touch something that is all around you, something swift that you wanted to grab — grab all of it — and you couldn't. And everybody liked everybody else and it was good to know that. But you could never grab it all.

Then the orchestra began playing a song and the dancers started, and I sat down. You knew the song was lousey, because the music was bad and the words didn't mean anything, but it was a love song so it was all right with everybody. You could see that.

The musicians "played" every minute of the song. Nobody let up, and you were glad to see them all living and not just being in a band. The two kids at the table across from me were looking at each other, but she was looking at him mostly. She was singing the song to him and making her head go up and down the way they do. Her eyes were almost shut and her mouth was drawn at the corners. She would have looked ugly if you hadn't known she was feeling the music. The boy looked a little foolish. He lighted a cigarette and his hands were shaking. I guess he was embarrassed, but nobody cared and nobody was paying any attention except me.

Over in the corner there was a girl. She was drinking and she was alone. I kept looking at her and I was hoping she would look at me. She looked right in my direction all the time, but her eyes did not see me. She was very beautiful — not just beautiful the ordinary way but all through, I thought. It was nice to sit and just think about her and what it would be like knowing her and you knew it would be good. I felt very sad and it was good to feel that

way. I wondered if I should try to know her or just keep on feeling like this.

There was a crowd up in the corner by the piano and a big guy with watery eyes and very flat wet hair and a red face was talking loudly to the crowd. He kept getting louder and louder and the girl looked embarrassed and I knew she was too good for all this and I wanted to take her away. I knew she was too good for all this and I wanted to tell her what I knew. I knew I would go over and tell her, but it was nice sitting there and feeling sad, feeling as though I was outside again, in the wind, on the dark street, thinking, and not in "Little Mike's" the way I was. Even though I didn't like it outside, it felt good feeling as though I were outside but really being inside. It was a feeling of sadness watching other sad things but not really being sad myself. I knew I was understanding a lot when I understood how this girl felt. I thought this must be the way people felt when they read a sad poem. Pretty soon I was going over and speak to her.

The band was not playing now and it was very quiet. Nobody was talking. Even the loud-mouthed guy was not talking anymore. He was walking across the room. Very quietly he walked, as if he did not want anyone to notice him. Then he spoke to the girl — very quietly, and she did not say anything. She just looked at him and you could not tell what she was thinking. Then she put on her coat. He did not try to help her. After she put on her coat, they went out.

Pretty soon people began talking, and then it got noisy again and no one remembered the loud-mouthed man or the girl. I kept thinking about her and him and then I wanted to tell everybody. I wanted to tell them about everything. I wanted to tell them about everything I knew. I knew they knew too or else they wouldn't be in "Little Mike's", but I knew they would understand and I wanted to tell them.

I went over to the big table that is in the middle of the room and sat down. Nobody minded. Pretty soon I began to talk. At first there were only a few people listening. Then the others stopped talking and it was very quiet except for my voice which sounded very loud and shrill and very far from me. It did not feel as though I was talking, but just thinking. It was somebody else talking.

I told them about the girl. It did not sound like my words, but I could hear them and I could hear my own breathing. I told them how I had walked always alone, in the deep, unkind quietness, and felt the mist across my eyes, and wanted a friend. And the cafes,

bubbling and shining with human laughter, had winked at me, and I had kissed a stranger whom I loved and then forgotten — the blue smoke, and new friends and old within the tavern, and the din of clattering plates, and hungry times that grew more sweet remembering. Tragedies — commonplace tragedies that are the ones everybody feels. The cold quiet dismembering of homes, and building up again, when the house is lonely and the hearth still cold. And boys who, growing into men, stand up and close their childish fists. And mothers who, weeping to bring their babies back grow old, and watch, with proud eyes, their sons, each one the best and none but fine, struggle and lose themselves within a nation, fall and rise, and bleed, and sin, and search and find no sign, and live like you and me for this one fleet sensation —

It was very, very still — cold and still. Very quietly everyone got up. No one said anything. They just got up, and pretty soon I was alone at the table with the silence, and I did not want to talk anymore.

Outside it was cold. The wind came whistling up the empty street from the waterfront, bouncing against the wall the way it always did and rattling the papers into little whirlpools along the alley. Then the street was quiet except for the muffled noises of people laughing and talking inside and a radio playing softly in one of the flats above me. I stared down the street into the darkness and then I looked back at the lights. Pulling my thin coat around my shoulders, I stepped into the darkness and began walking. I kept on walking, and in the darkness I knew I would not go to "Little Mike's" anymore.

—George Langton '42

BOOK REVIEW**HAPPY DAYS 1880-1892**

It has now come out that H. L. Mencken was once an eight-year-old with big ears and short pants "tight across the stern." It is difficult to imagine such a thing, but the best authority — Mr. Mencken — is convinced that it was so. And to convince us, he has neglected his anti-fat cures and malt liquor to write about it — to recall for us those early years, 1880-1892, during which he proceeded from the "fog of infancy" to the relatively light mist of adolescence.

Those Happy Days are the stuff of Mr. Mencken's recollections, and from that stuff he produces his scattered experiences in long-ago Baltimore when oysters were two cents a dozen. And oysters are a part of what Mr. Mencken is about in this book. He has no care for his thoughts while he ate the oysters, no concern for the low wages of the men who got them from the sea. He remembers merely that the oysters were good for boys to eat, that Baltimore was a rollicking, lusty city, and that he was a normal young scamp in that city with only late leanings toward a printing press and the Biblioteca Menckiana. This book is, in fact, Mr. Mencken's way of spoofing at our modern concern for pathology-and-science-and-psychology, and especially at their application to the lives of children. The Rotarians and the Child Developers are in the same murky class for Mr. Mencken, and he is proud to say that even as a babe he knew enough to resist them both. He was a boy, says he, openly human and bourgeois and Menckanian, and a boy in a healthy world that neither knew nor cared about the barkings of Freud and Engles and Adler.

Perhaps Mr. Mencken was just this sort of boy; at least, he bears evidence of it in his recollections. And they are recollections—what he calls "casual and somewhat chaotic memoirs" and what he probably dashed off after sketchy but complacent glances over his shoulder at those old days. Once he looks back, and he is in F. Knapp's Institute reciting the Hebrew alphabet, and when he looks back again, he is steaming down the cobblestone streets of Baltimore with Cookie the cop at his heels. For Mr. Mencken darts back and forth over those first twelve years, and through his dartings we come to know that old Baltimore and that young H. L. Baltimore was a sultry city where people ate hard crabs and drank Maryland

rye and where saloons had brass rails for boys to sit on. Mr. Mencken was one of those infants debauched, and with them he knew every alley and dog fight of Baltimore. And now, though he hints that dread Time has removed both alleys and fights, he can revive them and revive them whole and well. For **Happy Days** has not only the high jinks of young Mencken to record; it has also the inestimable idiom of grown-up Mencken in which to record them. Those twelve years are cloaked now by the master choice of words, words that are such an integral part of the story that you feel they were a part of Mencken himself in those years — that when he was born precisely at 9 p. m., he was muttering to himself, "Here I am being 'fetched into sentience'!"

Since Mr. Mencken is so openly concerned with his own sentience, we can include **Happy Days** in the loose area of autobiography. But that does not finally pigeonhole the bumptious Mr. Mencken. For in him there is no straining after the precise, inner agony of a five-year-old at a funeral, no revealing of a first, inchoate sense of Oriental beauty. Mr. Mencken's autobiography is rather one of action, outer things, outer fun. He tells us he liked to roar out the Methodist hymns and read Huckleberry Finn and steal sweet potatoes. He tells us about the normal, the external, and the amusing in the life of the boy Mencken, and he tells us no more than that.

Yet, even though he sets these limits, Mr. Mencken is still delightful. **Happy Days** is still something to read aloud to anyone who will listen. It shows the young Mencken to be normal and happy in all his reflexes and all his activities. And this he must be glad of, since it was his purpose. And yet **Happy Days** shows another part of the boy and the man Mencken, a part never meant to meet what is called the spirit in man. For Mr. Mencken has evidently inherited from Grandpa the Menckenian agnosticism, the witty skimming of things which often have deep human, and even spiritual, significance to others. He is looking back and saying he had a healthy childhood, one that gave him no spiritual qualms, no deep flashes. He looks back on Sunday school as just a place to go so Papa could sleep, and death in the back alley meant only another blackamoor tale to tell. He makes **Happy Days** the record of a rollicking, bibulous life for all the people of Baltimore, but never a life that mourned its spiritual bluntness from beginning to end.

—H. L. Mencken

The Collegian Quarterly

Massachusetts State College

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Spring - Summer - 1942

The Collegian
QUARTERLY

Massachusetts State College

Spring and Summer Issue

1942

Editor - ROBERT A. FITZPATRICK

Business Manager - WENDELL E. BROWN

MABEL AND ME

I never was much for literature, although when I was a kid I read the Bar X series, and **Treasure Island**, and most of the things that a kid who is left pretty much to himself reads. **Treasure Island**, I remember, seemed to me just about the best thing I ever read, and even now I find myself thinking about Squire Trelawney, and Flint and the Admiral Benbow, and how the captain fell on the floor with a stroke of apoplexy brought on by meeting Black Dog. I remember how I wished for some ship to sail away on, but I have been living in Tomersville all my life and no ship has ever come along, probably because Tomersville is in the middle of Massachusetts. Anyway, I read **Treasure Island** one week when I was home from school with the measles; I guess it was in the fourth or fifth grade. After that I didn't do much reading outside of the schoolhouse. Instead, I went down town to **Tony's Bowling Alleys** nights, mainly because most of the other fellows I knew stayed around there talking and swapping jokes. And I still maintain that no harm can come to a fellow in a pool room, not if he has a mind of his own, although Mabel tells me now that pool rooms are "dens of vice" and "low places to be seen in." Anyway I made enough money setting up pins to keep myself in cigarettes. It seems funny now, but I can remember how I longed for Tony to take me on as a regular, but he only let me substitute when one of the regular 'boys' was sick. Hanging around Tony's though, I didn't read very

much except in the dog-eared cowboy and detective magazines. And none of them helped me very much when Mabel tried to make me a better person later on.

I met Mabel at the **Rainbow City** dance hall one night last year. The **Rainbow City** was in Melton, only four miles from Tomersville, and a lot of us fellows would drive over there on Saturday nights to dance; and if we couldn't find any girls to dance with we would sit in the balcony and listen to the music; but most of us did—find the girls, I mean. **Rainbow City** lived up to its name, on the outside, anyway. On top of the fence you drove under to get into the yard there was a big neon sign. On top of the sign the letters said in red lights **Rainbow City**, and below that in blue lights it said **dancing**, and below that in small green letters it said **Tues. and Sat.** The **dancing** and **Tues. and Sat.** parts were the parts that kept going on and off, and they did it so that you could read down from the top and have it make sense, although I suppose you could have read up from the bottom, too.

The ticket office was out in front of the hall, next to the entrance, so that if it was winter, you would have to stand out in the cold while you were waiting for change; and you would have to take your gloves off and unbutton your overcoat so that you could get at your wallet. There was always a good looking girl inside the booth, but in the winter-time she would look cold and sad, and sometimes she

would wear a sweater over her dress. I guess they didn't have steam heat.

But inside it got hot enough when the dancing started. The building where the dancing was was small, anyway, and the low rickety balcony didn't leave much room for dancing. It always got crowded about ten o'clock, especially on Saturday nights, and then it got hot. The night I met Mabel wasn't any different from the rest. In fact, it was because of the heat that I really got acquainted with her. Most of the fellows in our crowd took their coats off when it got warm, and nobody seemed to mind. Of course, that was the way the City was. But somehow I couldn't ever get around to taking mine off, perhaps because I was afraid that, if I did, my shirt would be ripped in the sleeve or the back, or somewhere. Really though, taking off your coat didn't sound nice. So, on the night I met Mabel, I was sitting in the balcony with my coat on, feeling the drops of perspiration ooze down the back of my neck to a place somewhere under my collar. My armpits felt a little damp, too. I was sitting there thinking of how nice the girls looked in their party dresses in spite of the heat, when I noticed that the girl sitting a couple of seats away from me hadn't danced at all in the fifteen or twenty minutes I had been in the balcony. She looked real pretty from where I was but I couldn't see very well because, when the band played soft numbers, they turned the lights half out. I thought maybe she was waiting for someone, but no one came, and after a while I went over and asked her to dance. That was the way we did things at

the City, and I suppose that more than one fellow like myself has met his girl, the special one, in a place like the City where the drummer is heavy on the down-beat, and the horn player cracks a little on the high notes. Anyway, when I said, "Would you like to dance?" she looked up and nodded her head, and we walked down the steps to the dance floor together.

Most girls wait till you walk a little way out on the floor before they start dancing, but this time the girl I had found in the balcony stopped at the foot of the stairs and opened her arms the way girls do when you are going to start dancing, just as if they are saying: "ok, Joe or Jack or mister, or whatever your name is." She was just about the right height, the two black waves in the front of her hair came up to the top of my eyebrows; and she was just about as pretty as I thought she was. I liked her face. She had a little up-tilted nose that made her look as if she were going to ask a question; and when she said anything serious, three little lines came, close together, on her forehead, just as if she were trying awfully hard to get something out. "I hope you weren't waiting for anyone," I said as we danced.

No, I wasn't waiting for anyone," she said, "I was just sitting."

"Don't you think that it's awfully hot in here?" I said, and I meant it, because I was afraid that the sweat would be running down my face pretty soon.

"Yes," said, "it's hot, but the dancing is fun, anyway."

"You look awfully uncomfortable," she said, "but do you know what about you impressed me?"

"No," I said, because I didn't

know that I had impressed her at all.

"Well," she said, and the three little furrows were there on her forehead," "well, it was because all the other fellows took their jackets off and you didn't. It was awfully nice of you, not taking your jacket off.

"Oh," I said, "you mean my coat."

She laughed and said, "Yes, your coat."

I took her home that night because I found out that she lived in Tomersville, only a few streets from me; and I found out, of course, that her name was Mabel. "Mabel is a nice name," I had said, and she laughed and said, "Oh yes, and about a million other people have it." And we thought it was funny, living a few streets apart and not seeing each other before.

I went with Mabel all that winter, and the next summer. I will remember that summer for a long time to come, because I got Bob Plummer to drive Mabel and me down to Boston one Sunday morning early, so that we could take the boat for Provincetown. Neither of us had seen Boston before, and, of course, we didn't see much of it then, because the boat left at 10 A. M. and we didn't get there until 9:30 A. M. But what we did see wasn't what we had expected. When I had read in the papers about the water-front, I had expected to find something cool and nice, and I had thought of the ships with colored flags, nice and new, and from foreign ports. But Mabel and I hurried right on the boat because the street was dirty and noisy, and all you could hear was traffic, and boxes being dragged around, and the big fellows who worked there, swearing when they got in each others

way. You couldn't even see the water from the street because there was a row of buildings in the way.

The trip to Provincetown was nice, though, but half way down I felt sick; and Mabel laughed and said that it wasn't only sick I felt, but that it was sea-sick. When we got to Provincetown we hired bicycles at the little furniture store you find when you turn left on the narrow street at the end of the pier. Mabel said she wasn't any good at riding bicycles because she hadn't had one when she was a kid; but she did all right and we managed to ride out along the road into the dunes. And when we got hungry we left the bicycles by the side of the road and climbed to the top of the highest dune we could find and ate the lunch Mabel had fixed up at home. It was a nice day, but the wind was coming in from the ocean, and making the water white on top of the waves. Mabel thought it was pretty, the blue and the little dashes of white, and so many miles of it. But I had worn a sweater under my tweed coat, and it was hot with the sun beating down on the sand. Mabel laughed when she saw how uncomfortable I was, and she said, "Remember Rainbow City?" I did, but this time I took my coat off.

Mabel gave me most of her time that summer, and I guess we were together almost every night. I guess we were in love, but I never mentioned marriage or anything like that, because I was only making thirty-five an hour at the factory. Along towards fall Mabel began to change somehow, and sometimes when I called her up, she said that she was going to be busy with the girls, or that she had some work

to do; and when I told her I would come over and help her, she told me to never mind. Then, Bob Plummer told me that he had seen her out with another fellow, one of the high school teachers, he guessed. I was more hurt than anything else. But after all, I didn't have very much to offer Mabel. She had a mind of her own, and that was something I always believed in, people having minds of their own. Still, the teacher must have been a funny sort of fellow. Perhaps he really liked Mabel; but Mabel was somebody like me, and not like him, and he should have left her alone, even if Tomersville wasn't any fun for a man like him, a man who **Knew** something. He was a teacher of English, I guess, and perhaps that was the reason for what finally happened between Mabel and me.

It wouldn't have been half so bad if Mabel had told me about him, and after a while she knew I knew. It was the way Mabel did it. One night when we were dancing at the City Mabel began to change the way I talked. She began telling me to say 'were' instead of 'was' sometimes; and 'are not' instead of 'ain't.' And later on she began to try to get me to read things. "Have you read the article in **Harpers**?" she would say; and "Have you read the article in the **Atlantic**;" and "Have you read the new book?"

As I said before, I really

stopped reading with **Treasure Island**, and most of my language has come right out of the street. Silver and the **Admiral Benbow** didn't seem to make much of an impression on Mabel. Then, one night, when I was talking with Mabel I said "Those guys."

"Don't say 'those guys,'" she said, "say, 'Those fellows' or 'those gentlemen.'"

"Mabel," I said, "Mabel, but 'those guys sounds so natural.'"

"All right," she said, and she didn't look nice, "all right, if you want to sound ignorant."

Mabel had been talking that way for a long time, and I guess I was sick of her trying to make me into somebody else. Anyway something snapped inside me, and I got mad all over.—you," I said,—"you and your books!" I stopped seeing Mabel after that, but I couldn't forget the hurt look in her eyes as she went away that night.

Bob Plummer told me later on that she and the English teacher had a split up. I remember wondering then, if he had got tired of her. I went up to my room that night thinking about her; and I sat with the lights out for a while, watching the crazy, dim patterns on the wall, thrown there by the street lights outside shining through the trees. "She can come back if she wants to," I thought, "but I won't go after her. I won't go after her . . . I won't go after her."

Carroll Robbins '45



STRIFE WITH FATHER

I don't think Father really started disapproving of Paul until he realized that Paul's intentions with me were beyond the stage of mere 'friendship.' It was difficult for him to fancy his youngest daughter (and 'baby of the family' to boot) even old enough to possess such a thing as a boyfriend, much less a grown man who gazed at her possessively. So when I hesitatingly tried to sound father out on his opinion of Paul, I repeatedly met with unhappy results. Father's attitude towards our relationship was typical of his attitude towards everything else; if he didn't approve of something, he just didn't approve, and that's all there was to it. (So far as Father was concerned.)

Trying to convince father of anything was more difficult than trying to flunk a physical for the army. Father had a mind of his own of which he was exceedingly proud. One particular trait associated with his intelligence was his never-failing judgment. For Father was always right. His judgment was unfaltering. And let anyone dare question it and he would be in extreme danger of having the world of ostracized words and phrases heaved at him quite ungraciously. (For Father was a master of such words and phrases!) You see, Father just didn't 'give-adamn' about what anyone else thought. He was always and unmistakably right. For instance, if he gave Mother one dollar at the beginning of the week to cover household expenses and personal items and she spent it

by the end of the week, he refused to see where 'all that money' could have gone. Mother must have 'given it away!'

Father was very particular about receiving the respect due him. We children early learned to toe the mark, to be certain that we did nothing to make him question our respect for him. His permission had to be granted in all matters. I believe that Father was placed in the twentieth century to show that Victorianism couldn't die in one century. (For Father was the true Victorian parent.) Whenever, for instance, any of us wished to take a trip of over a distance of ten miles, Father had to be consulted every day about two weeks in advance (last minute invitations were fatal!) before he would commit himself to give any kind of response.

On one particular occasion I had gone through the necessary preliminaries, and had gotten from Father one very unsatisfactory "I'll see." On the day on which I planned to leave, I came smiling in to Father, (who sat comfortably in a chair reading the paper and smoking his favorite White Owl,) with my packed suitcase in my hand behind me, and a prayer in my heart in front of me.

"Well, Father, 'I said. 'May I go?'"

"Where?"

(Patience, girl, patience. It will finally be worth the effort, difficult as the outset may seem.)

"To Hartford."

"What have you got to do there?"

(Never mind, girl, even if you

have already told him a hundred times what you have to do there. Don't worry, this has happened before. Trust to luck and carry on, old girl!)

"Some fool has invited me to infest her home for the week-end."

"How are you getting in?" I told him.

"Is he a good driver?" (I didn't tell him about that ticket he got for speeding two months ago.)

"Yes," I lied. (Well, every boy likes to show that a steering wheel isn't absolutely necessary to directing a car!)

"How are his tires?" I ran to the phone to ask him how he stood with the W.P.B.

That settled, things began to look more favorable for me. Father was giving in; that is to say, he could think of no more questions to heave at me.

"Well," he offered, "Don't let him try to show off. And don't let him go over forty. And don't come back too late. Good-bye." And Father picked up his newspaper, and took a long puff on his cigar. I stood there looking at him as he blissfully forgot and tactfully disregarded my eyes faced pleadingly towards his pocket.

"Father, . . ."

"What's the matter?"

"Haven't you sort of forgotten something?"

Father felt for his tie and straightened it. "What?" he innocently inquired.

"Means, Father, means. How am I to live over the week-end?"

Father looked at me startled. "What do you need money for?" I offered him a few good reasons for ridding him of his money.

"All right," he mumbled, not too graciously for a bread-win-

ner. "Here. Bring me the change."

I flipped the fifty cents over in my hand. "All this?" I suggested.

Father looked more than insulted. "Father, dear . . ."

Father gave a dive into his pocket with a gesture of finality and presented me what I knew would be my final offer, paper money 'this time. "Good-bye!" said Father.

And I was off to enjoy my hard-earned trip, with not too many battle scars.

Another thing about father was his meticulousness about having the table set properly. Everything had to be put on the table in reaching distance of him. If anything happened to be missing, it worked evil for us. One time I was certain that Father would divorce Mother. We were all seated at the breakfast table on that memorable morning. Mother and I had, as usual, set the table with care, although we had hurried it a little on this morning, because Father had to get away as soon as possible. Father was served his tomato juice. He drew it towards him looking expectant. He looked at it, and around the table. Mother and I looked at each other, and around the table. Something was wrong somewhere, but we couldn't imagine where.

"What's the matter?" Mother asked tremulously.

Father continued to look around, getting more excited, but still remaining silent. Suddenly he pushed the tomato juice away from him, leaped up from the table, rushed out of the kitchen, put on his hat and coat, and left the house, leaving the door in danger of sudden and violent disintegration. Mother

put her hand to her head.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, horror in her eyes. "I forgot a saltine for his tomato juice!"

Life was full of little blessings like that. And always interesting. I remember one time when I had the advantage over father for a week. One morning as I was leaving for school, Father walked into the house.

"Good morning," I welcomed cheerfully. "Moon's bright this morning, isn't it?" Father ignored me and proceeded to remove his shoes before ascending the stairs. The rest of the week Father saw that I was well-supplied with money, and that I didn't spend too much time alone with Mother.

Thus you can understand how Father's "perversive activities" gave us no end of worry. And how hard it would be for me to get Father's approval of Paul as a suitable mate for me when Father was so difficult to manage in these minor matters. One thing that made it especially difficult was that Father had that typically human trait of believing that no one else was good enough for him; so, certainly, no one was good enough for any daughter of his. (Even me.)

After Paul had been a steady caller at my home for quite a while, I asked Father his opinion.

"How do you like Paul, Father?" I asked in an off-hand manner.

"Paul who?"

"That fellow who's been able to stick around here longer than the other fellows I've known."

"Oh," said Father. "I thought he was a boarder. Whenever I turn around, he's around. Doesn't he work?"

"Of course. For a liquor concern."

"Oh, he drinks."

"No, he just makes other people drink. He's a salesman."

"Don't think he's your type," he concluded, walking away.

The battle was on. At this point I guess Father expected me to give up my quest and begin a search for another male. (Maybe Father considered that an easy job!) I tried again the next evening.

"He's only a kid," Father began.

"He's twenty-seven," I offered indignantly.

"He still doesn't know his own mind."

"He sort of likes me," I said modestly.

"Well, you heard what I just said," Father retorted.

"How old were you when you got married?" I asked boldly.

"Makes no difference!" Father said.

"Twenty-two," Mother whispered.

"Well," said Father, "I've that much longer to regret it, and I think enough of Paul not to want to have the poor fellow make the same mistake. And, anyway, I was making my own living at that time."

"Well," I said. "Paul has a good job. And, anyway, junk sold higher in those days."

"You're too young to think about men seriously, anyway," Father retorted, attempting to close the conversation.

"I'm twenty. In your day girls were old maids at sixteen. What must my friends think of me? And, anyway, we love each other. (I tried everything.)"

Father was disgusted. "Bah! What do you know about love?"

(My courage surprised me.) "What does anyone know about love, or even marriage? Love is only a habit, and I think Paul's

a nice habit to adopt. And marriage, they say, is a gamble anyway. Well, I'm always willing to gamble. How did you know about it when you and Mother got married?" Even Father was swamped. Mother and Father cast knowing glances at one another at this point, and shook their respective heads sadly. They neglected to answer.

"He's too quiet." Father attempted on new ground. "He never says anything. He must be stupid."

"Don't worry about that," said Mother quietly, not looking up from her game of solitaire. "Your father used to be quiet, too. And then we got married."

"What's that?" bellowed Father. Mother hastily redealt the cards.

"Why don't you like Alyce's boyfriend?" (My sister had her troubles, too.)

"He talks too damned much."

Even my endurance had its limit. "Well, that is the limit," I gasped.

"Paul's too quiet, and Dick's too noisy."

"I have a right to my own opinion," retorted Father.

"Your opinion is sort of holding back my life," I ventured.

It looked as if we weren't ever going to get anywhere with Father. Paul was a gallant fellow. He wanted to climb the family tree graciously, and with paternal permission. (Mother was on our side, already.) He wasn't content just to take a girl's hand and run; he preferred to do it the right way. I suggested to Paul that he discuss things with Father.

"You mean, you want me to go in and talk to him all by myself. Just him and me?" Paul said with a note of terror.

"It's the only way," I said. Maybe you have common interests. Anyway, Father won't bite you," I said doubtfully.

Paul took my advice, and one evening trapped Father when he looked in one of his happier moods, and had it out with him. When he emerged from the session he looked pale, and was wiping his once noble brow.

"I never knew I could feel so stupid," he gasped. "Does your father make out the questionnaires for the draft board? He didn't leave out a single thing! No I'm positive, dear, that I'm not good enough for you. You could get a millionaire."

"What happened?" I asked Father.

"Just asked him a few questions," Father answered innocently. Paul admitted that, since he'd been a salesman, he's never had so much trouble convincing a customer, as he had trying to convince Father to get rid of his daughter. This convinced us that a special psychology was needed for father, to defeat him on his own grounds.

Father would have to find some kind of common interest in Paul. One night I decided it would be a good idea to send Paul out to "The Club" with Father who went there occasionally to play cards.

"But I don't play cards," objected Paul.

"Never mind," I told him. "You'll learn. — You'd better learn!"

So that night Paul accompanied Father to the club. I figured they would be back early, and I accordingly waited up for them. About one thirty Father and Paul appeared.

"Too bad," I heard Father saying. "Well, you can't always win. We'll go tomorrow night and see

how you make out."

Neither of them noted my chagrin.

"You know," Father confided to me after Paul had gone, "Paul's a nice fellow. Good sport. He'll make a fine poker player." "Oh, will he?" I thought to myself.

Paul and Father seemed to hit it off after that. Every evening the two would disappear early and reappear late. It soon got to the point where I felt like a widow. I told Paul I felt neglected.

"After all," I said. "I thought it was me you wanted to marry, not my father."

"But, darling," he said, frankly puzzled. "You wanted me to win your Father over."

"Well I think he's won," I said. "And I don't care anymore. I don't want you to go out and lose your money every single night. In case we get married

you won't have any left to get married on."

Father and Paul were hitting it off very well now. Father only objected to our marriage twice a week, a good sign. All looked very favorable. I began embroidering. Mother began looking up her linens. We could begin to prepare.

"You're not having a big wedding," Father warned me. "It's a waste of money. We'll have only the minister and you two at the wedding." Paul and I objected to nothing. It all seemed to good to be true.

Then one day Paul came running into the house, excitedly waving a letter at me.

"Well, darling," he said. "It looks like something is even stronger than your father. After all our troubles, too."

The letter was stamped "United States Government Draft Board."

Ann August '43

ON THE BOMBING OF MANILA

*Steel not on steel, but steel on human flesh;
Hail Nippon's boast of courage and of strength!
Hail broken lives and dreams wove in a mesh,
A pile of ashes all the city's length.*

*Hail lips that speak not, eyes that see no sight;
Hail limbless men and children, limbless trees;
Hail birds shorn of plumage in full flight;
And worthless treasures gone, and memories.*

*Embers there are, but not the soul burned out!
Embers of men with spirits yet alive!
Hope and defiance, supplications rout!
On blood and tears to find new life and thrive.
A cloud forever on the Rising Sun;
Manila's immortality begun.*

Anonymous

THE NECESSARY OF LIFE THROUGH THE SEASONS

SPRING But a few snow banks remain, the others, after a grand tournament with the sun, have silently folded their pavilions and vanished, leaving between dark puddles the rich softness of spring mud, while a new gentleness in the blue arching above prophesies that the trees will soon be donning their Easter veils of pale green. What are the necessities of life at this time of the year? Beyond man's physical needs, but one—leisure. Leisure in which to feel a rebirth within ourselves as within all the rest of nature. Leisure in which to listen to the call of the North where the ice has broken and the crystal leaps the rapids once more. Leisure in which to dream, to dream of strange exotic lands where man is not bound by the strangling conventions of a high-speed civilization, to fondle the fancies hidden fearfully from the throng in other seasons, those of the good people, those of poetry.

SUMMER In the woodlands, shy Solomon's Seal has long since retreated beneath the sheltering ground, while its arch enemy, the Sun, drives daily in his brightest chariot, the sparks his horses' hoofs strike off, ripening the grain, and setting whole gardens aflame with blossoms of every hue. Again the prime necessary of life is leisure. Leisure in which to float contently in some quiet pond, caressed by the timid lapping of the water, or to challenge the force of Mother Sea. Leisure in which to sip cool bev-

erages and to converse graciously, but, because of the heat, not too profoundly. Leisure in which to lie on the soft pine needles covering the brow of a hill crowned with imperial conifers, to gaze up into the infinite, and to speculate on ourselves, on the universe, and on God.

AUTUMN The goldenrod, envious of the glory of the sugar maples, has crept sulkily away. The grasses have died, but the fresh north wind has brushed aside cobwebbed clouds from even the smallest stars and polished them brightly in a bout of Fall Housecleaning. Leisure again is the necessary of life. Leisure in which to hike over mountain trails and arrive breathless at the peak to find the world spread out below, the bribe of Satan at our feet. Leisure in which to gather a group of people—not those who merely exist, but those who live, who feel the stimuli and repressions of life more keenly than do their neighbors—together and discuss, not world politics or methods of salesmanship, but religion, philosophy, poetry, music.

WINTER Every color at first glance has disappeared. Then suddenly a tiny sunbeam ignites a tree encrusted with seemingly mobile diamonds. More colors than those of the rainbow flash forth, while on Mt. Olympus, Iris hides her head in shame. As in every other season, Leisure is our necessary of life. Leisure in which to curl up in a wing chair, preferably in an inverted

position, to eat ruddy apples, and to sharpen D'Artagnan's sword, to watch the first philosopher of Coilla Doraca spin himself like a top until he dies, to listen while Hercule Poirot suavely unravels a mystery, to climb from "The Conqueror Worm" to "Israfil" with Edgar Allan Poe, to sail the brine, to dive for pearls in the harbors of ancient Crete, to live beyond our own horizons. Leisure in which to skate, strugg-

ling with the wind whilst going in one direction, then being carried smoothly over the ice by our erstwhile foe in the other, gliding in great swoops as the angels must do for their own pleasure.

Leisure—freedom from the bounds of labor is the necessary of life in all seasons, but with it "Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Annette Bousquet '44

FANTASY IN SWAMP-MIST

*Up from the marsh at evening
And around through the rush and the grass,
I see silent misshapen monsters,
Chained, in that dank morass.*

*They rise like mist from the swampland;
They writhe through the gorse to the tors.
Are they wraiths of tortured phantoms,
Or ghost of dinosaurs?*

*They sway and tremble together,
Chilled by the fitful breeze,
And the moon with its silver saber
Cuts through them to shine on the leas.*

*They meander in aimless fashion,
Captive of wind and night,
Compelled by their inner spirit
To walk when the moon is light.*

*Their chains are made of wishes,
Oft thought, but unfulfilled,
And they move in pain and sorrow
And they never will be stilled.*

*Will we wander too at evening,
Out in the murk in the fen,
Beyond the hills at sundown,
Beyond the world of men?*

Ida Fitzgerald '42

DRAFTED

The letter was strikingly white against the dark red of the tabletop. Arthur saw no need of opening it. Its contents were quite evident to him. He simply stood and stared at it. The room was very still. In one corner a small clock tapped persistently on the silent air. Arthur was conscious only of the letter. He stared at it as if it were a thing alive, and it seemed to whisper back to him the augury of dead ambitions.

Beyond the white letter on the table Arthur saw framed in the small window a view of the western hills, now purpling with quick December twilight. He began to dream a little. In his mind he pictured a company of memories, memories with the forms of little ghosts whose faces were sad; whose eyes were enchanted with dreams of the finished enterprise, the answered question.

As he continued to stare at the landscape his eyes became moody, nostalgic. And then the purple light grew clear. The hills beyond the campus dissolved in blue smoke. The landscape converged into a small glade in some other land, in some other yesterday

In the glade Arthur saw himself as a small boy, a mere speck of bright cotton-clad boy standing encircled by great dark tree-trunks. His attitude was one of enchantment. He heard the woods echo at times with the call of a hidden bird. The damp earth underfoot throbbed with silent growth and inchoate reality. And among these brooding trees, the boy thought the mys-

teries of time and life were being revealed to his purblind senses.

The boy was puzzled. He wanted desperately to find an answer to the world, to himself as a part of this world. But as the afternoon shadows began to fill the clearing he became drowsy. He lay at the base of a giant pine and fell asleep. Above him the boughs swayed gently, and the wind crooned the magic word to the sleeping boy, but he heard nothing

Arthur saw the glade disappear. The real hills crowded back into his sight. The sky was now a blend of somber grays, streaked with tattered bands of scarlet. The letter on the table was gray, indistinct, but it glowed with suggestion and Arthur saw himself as he had been at another time, long ago

He was watching a patriotic celebration. He sat at the feet of people who lined the streets of the City. Drum-beats throbbed and the shrill voices of brasses sang a blood-tingling call. Banners many-colored fluttered into view. Marching feet tramped tirelessly past. Drums, bugles, banners, men with swords and rifles. And Arthur, a boy with light blue eyes and tousled golden hair, watched the scene enchanted.

He looked up at his father and said:

'Where are they going, father?

'To war, son.'

'Must they go, father?'

'I think so, son.'

'Will they come back?'

'Not all of them. Some, many, will die.'

'To die,' Arthur repeated to

himself. Death was something he couldn't imagine. It seemed to be like life. The two things were always spoken of with reservation for the other. To him death meant sleeping, and never waking again. That was all.

But where was his world, he wondered. There among the great trees he had almost found the word he was seeking. Here, among the banners and drums, and the men who were marching away to die, here was a suggestion of the word again

The parade disappeared. Arthur was more conscious of the letter on the table. Was the word in the letter, he asked himself. He thought it could well be in the letter, because the letter was like the trees, like the marching men: it was time and life in essence. In it was the word. But, he asked again, what was this word, did it answer his question?

He heard the chapel bell ring. He knew it to be the old familiar bell he had heard for several years at this hour. Yet, now it was more than a chapel bell on a campus

Now it seemed to be the bell ringing the Sanctus at the Mass, where the priest moved reverently on the altar and bowed the heads of the people with sacred words. *Per omnia saecula saeculorum*. Here, in this holyplace, as in the glade of silent trees, as in the day of drum-beats, fluttering banners, and marching men; here, somewhere near, was his answer. But the service always ended too soon. He never quite found the word

But, as now, he had seen where it might have been hidden. He had seen it in the faces of old women, and infants. He had seen it in the faces of widows, and in the face of a man intoxi-

cated, frozen to death in an alley. He had seen it in the faces of young people lately wed. The snow-haunted wind calling plaintively outside the window almost told it to him now

Snowy wind, that was another thing. It was suggested to Arthur a frozen north country. It called forth a vignette of himself and an old man he knew. Arthur was grown now. He was strong with youth; his eyes were bright with hope. The world was good; Arthur could find his enterprise, finish it for good and all. The old man called Arthur to his side.

'You know I ain't as strong as I used to be, boy?' he asked. Arthur said that he guessed that was true.

'Come here, boy,' said the old man. 'Put your head next to my heart.' Arthur did as he directed.

'Do you hear anything?' asked the old man.

Arthur heard a heart that squeaked and hesitated like some old machine made of wood. It frightened him a little. It sounded something like the word; like winds in a glade; like drums, and men marching into eternity. And like the sacred words: 'Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world.'

The memory ghosts were gone now. Arthur sat in his dark room. He could no longer see the letter on the table. The chapel bell had stopped ringing. The dark world was silent, silent, silent. In the silence Arthur felt time and reality in essence.

'The letter says I may die,' Arthur mused. 'But that doesn't worry me. I could die willingly if I knew the answer to things. Maybe I don't speak the right language. Maybe I'm not ready

to hear it yet. Yes, perhaps the time has not come for me to hear it and to know the answer. If there is one, if there is one.'

He looked at the table on which the letter lay. And then the past seemed to sweep into the room, all that he had dreamed of reappeared before him. It was all there, pictured on a misty veil. In it was the word, the adyt to heaven on earth. Arthur watched, fascinated as the veil slowly faded. Something else took its place, something that was a creation of dreams, but was a living presence, something that stood astride of the past and the present, and held in its hand a fistful of the future:

Arthur saw standing near the table a figure dressed in the uniform of a soldier. He saw that the figure was himself. The soldier was looking at Arthur, and smiling.

'Are you worried?' asked the soldier.

Arthur said no.

'Are you afraid?'

'Certainly not.'

'What is it?' asked the soldier.

'I want to know the word.'

The soldier whispered to Arthur. Arthur nodded that he understood. The vision disappeared. Arthur was alone again.

The next morning Arthur left his house and walked toward the depot. At the edge of the campus he stopped to look back at the familiar things. Then he looked at the distant hills. He saw a flock of starlings start up from a great elm, and he smiled. This was time and life in essence.

He turned away from the familiar things. He looked ahead to a new world. And as he walked he could hear the words of the soldier ringing in his ears:

'There is no word. We are the words. You and I are the words. Student and soldier, we are the words. For the present, that's all you need to know.'

Anonymous



A MORNING MOON

One morning at five o'clock, I was suddenly awakened by the shrill ringing of my alarm clock, which told me it was time to rise and study. Ordinarily, I would have had trouble pulling out of my warm bed, which is always desirable on cold, dark, winter mornings. On this particular morning, however, my room was clearly illuminated by a welcoming yellow beam of light which streamed in through the window as if in search of something. I got up, willingly, inquisitively, and, without turning on the desk lamp, placed myself at the desk before the window. Never shall I forget the sight that confronted me!

Seated before the window, I gazed out at a large, almost orange-colored moon, which was fading slowly into a yellow as dawn drew near. The moon seemed tired after its long night-watch; it seemed to be anxiously awaiting the sunrise, so that it could rest unseen. It appeared to be lonely, but somehow contented and peaceful as it shone softly on the sleeping world below it. I thought that this shining object longed for a companion, or someone to watch it during the few minutes remaining for it to shine, and that I was the chosen observer. Sitting in the same position, with my arms folded on the desk, I gazed at that bright light for a half-hour. It was so beautiful, so incomparable to anything I had ever seen before, that I was bewildered by its loveliness. Not even the large yellow moon that shines on clear summer nights has ever affected me in quite the same way.

Being alone, and in silence, save for the heavy breathing of my roommate and the regular ticking of the clock, I became very sad, and thought of many depressing things.

I recalled one other time that I had stared at the full moon. I was not happy then: I was lying on my bed at home, my head buried deep in the pillows in an attempt to smother the noisy sobs that were coming from my breaking heart. Tears were rolling down my face uncontrollably; my body was shaking weakly. This was the night before Mother was to be remarried, and I, being an only child, was afraid that her love would be taken away from me. I looked up at that great Man-in-the-Moon with a final, desperate hope that he might offer me some consolation in my despair. He seemed to smile back at me in his usual satisfied manner and say:

'Keep up the corners of your mouth, child. Everything happens for the best.'

My thoughts wandered to the events of the present day. I thought of the misery and suffering of the millions of people in warring nations; of the countless worried mothers who looked at the same moon I saw, and whispered a prayer for their beloved sons who were fighting or training in far-off places. Regret and pity for them overcame me as I realized how many boys who, planning hopefully for the days when they would be home again, were looking at this same shining round object for the last time.

In such a way did that beautiful morning moon affect me. However, as the light of day began to replace the still darkness of night, my mind cleared of its

melancholy thoughts. I became once more my usual carefree self, and returned to my studying.

Nancy Sullivan '45

INEFFECTUAL INTELLECTUALS

*with an humble Attempt we are goyan
to try to create like Saroyan;
with Stein of Beer we try to tempt the Muse,
her Guiles and wanton Passion to seduce,
to grovel and extract from basest Sediment
an Elixir to sustain sweet poignant Sentiment*

second verse, ah poesy

*like Omar may our utterings be Perpetual,
let there be Nothing in Life Unintellectual
to woo the Muse in such a frenzied Fashion
befits the Intensity of our starved Passion
without the ensnaring Knots of Matrimony
love's Urgencies are anything but Phoney,
ah Quote ah Nash ah Hash ah Bologna*

third verse ah worse

*ah would we could approach your aureate Glow
to be sublimely and so timely in the know
like spaghetti unenhanced by greener Salad
us mad Poets sans a lustier Ballad
our literary Output is prolific
and though it's mediocre it's terrific
our Style which tenderly we nurse
Can do less than slightly reimburse
Us
couldst this Soul's Delight not reimburse
for such commemoration prolific and so terse
bad Meter ah Worse bad Verse*

*authors destined to anonymity
by a Fate worse than Timeless Infinity*

A LETTER FROM HAWAII

Note:—This is part of a letter written to one of our students by an alumnus of State, now in the air force.

Dear Lou:

* * * Upon leaving Alberquerque we went up to Hamilton Field in Frisco and there we remained for three days and on the sixth of December we took off for this place. Little did we know that the next morning we were to see the Rising Sun facing us in the eyes on the morning of Dec. 7. We were coming into Hawaii on that morning and as an escort we had a squadron of Japanese fighter planes throwing tracer bullets at us. Luckily we got away from them after they pounded some lead into our ships. We lost two planes and two of our men were killed by Jap slugs. As a matter of interest, in one of the last issues of 'Life' magazine, the Flying Fortress on the bottom of one page was one of the planes of our squadron that was forced down. All was safe in that ship, which was really a miracle. As they came in for a landing they had about three Jap planes on their tail and to see the ship itself you would say it would make a good sieve. Well, Lou, that day will not be forgotten so

soon, and as for the boys and myself, we are ever so eager to get at those yellow rats, the sooner the better. And this time they won't be chasing us; we'll be doing all the chasing that's to be done. If those Japs come back this time it won't be the surprise that it was back in December. Believe me. Well, enough about that kind of stuff.

. . . And the well-known Lei idea is quite the custom over here. They say if you place a lei around a girl's neck well you are entitled to kiss her, and that sure has the stuff they use in the States they put over your head stopped. Well, just between us two, I carry a basket of Leis around and that is not a bad idea at all.

. . . Well, Lou, I guess I'll be closing as I have to fly in about fifteen minutes and that will take about three hours of my time. So since I want you to get this letter as soon as possible I'll not delay any longer. Well, let's hear from you with all the dope, as Winchell puts it. And as they say over here, Lou, until I hear from you, a pleasant Aloha.



FAREWELL TO BAY STATE

I want to tell you why I like Massachusetts State College. Although I am a Vermonter, I am concerned this time with Massachusetts State.

I don't feel like an outsider; I feel good here. It is the people here who make me feel welcome. When I first came here, they threw hurricanes and mental tests at me, and I liked it. Now, in my senior year, I feel more at home than ever before. I am in the Homestead, and I like it. I like the feeling of responsibility that locking the doors at night gives me. Then in the morning, I like the little duties of opening the house, bringing in the morning paper, laying the fire in the fireplace, and turning on the lights to brighten the house on dark mornings.

The smell of onions cooking, the crisp look of fresh green salads, the smell of baking bread; these are the things I like. Here I had the chance to invite friends to tea, to pass with them a few pleasant minutes that would never have been spent otherwise. The glow of the coals in the fireplace sends a cheery warmth into the room, and symbolizes the hospitality of the Homestead.

From the top of Prexy's Hill the view of the campus is lovely. I like the spacing of the buildings that allows open-field running between classes. I like this campus where you sometimes wish for an automatic device that will say 'Hi' to people you pass on your way from convocation. I love the way students applaud Doric Alviani. It is a thrill to hear enthusiastic applause after a really good convocation speech.

I love this campus in all seasons. In the fall there comes

the never-to-be-forgotten joy, the joy of seeing old friends at opening Convocation. It is then that the campus is reluctant to giving up warm summer days. Then, inevitably, the leaves turn, making a mosaic on Prexy's Hill. I love the way the fellows and girls are such good sports about a drenching rainstorm on the night of Amherst Weekend. I like the way the chaperones entertain themselves while the dance runs on its own merits. I love the way the moonlight shining on the roof of North College makes you feel the spirit of mediaeval romance. I like being on campus 'When twilight shadows deepen,' and the tall pine trees behind Stockbridge stand with painted vividness against the sky, while an unseen hand drops a big red ball of fire on the horizon, only to let it drop into the indigo pillow of Mt. Warner.

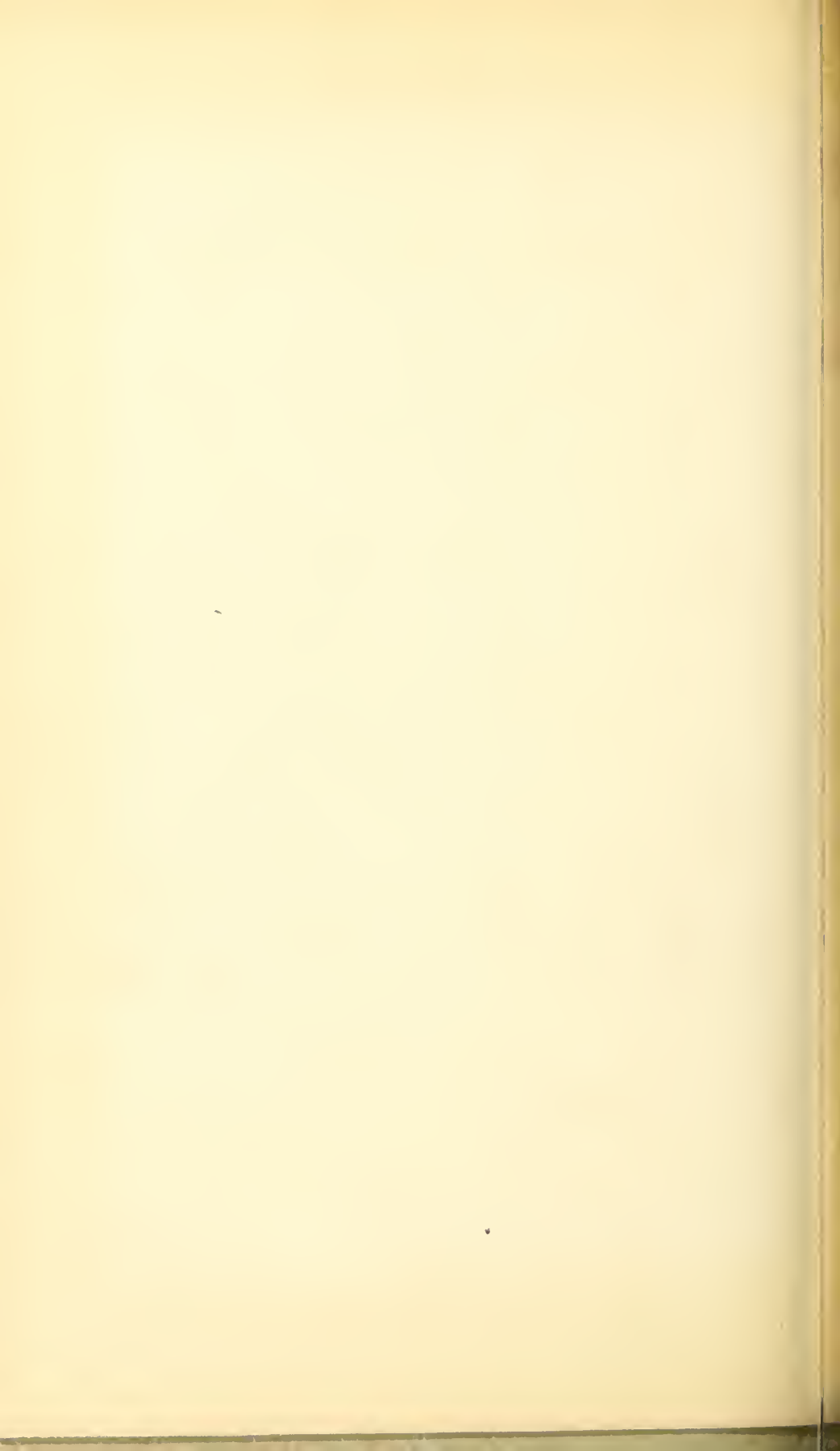
Then when the campus trees and fields have a sugar-coating of frost, and the ball of fire is rolled up on Pokesberry Ridge by the same unseen hand; winter is in the air. I love the way the chimes ring out in the crisp morning air of December. In February, on a below zero morning, they played the 'Spring Song'. I love the Old Chapel, and the tall old Christmas tree near it, bathed in inches of powdered snow.

I love the slush of springtime, and the squish of soft earth, and the promise of the warm air of springtime. The sliver of a new moon balanced on the Chapel spire is a picture I will carry in my mind through all the years when these things I love at Massachusetts State will no longer be a reality.

Dorothy Plumb '42







CHRISTMAS
ISSUE
1942

COLLEGIAN
QUARTERLY
MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

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The Collegian

QUARTERLY

Massachusetts State College

Christmas Issue

1942

Editor - CHARLES ROBERT KELLEY

Associate Editors - LEON BARRON
THEODORE NOKE

Business Manager - WENDELL E. BROWN

Faculty Advisor - DR. MAXWELL H. GOLDBERG

IN AMHERST, NOW

*But most of all I like the Autumn
When October skies are red,
And a strong wind sends a thousand leaves
On to their wintry bed.*

*And the tart taste of good cider
And the smell of burning leaves
And a friendly fire from a friendly hearth
On a late November eve.*

*And the sight of small boys playing
On a nearby open field
Is a picture that forever lies
Within my memory sealed.*

*And a football against the sky
When the macintosh is ripe,
And the good sight of an old Yankee
Smoking his corncob pipe.*

*It is Autumn in the skies of Fate
It's in Autumn we must part,
And a high wind with a cold touch
Says it's Autumn in my heart.*

*Yet if it be that I must leave you
And march on to unknown skies,
Let it be with a Fall fire burning
There, in your smouldering eyes.*

*For a dark stream of October blood
On the deltas soon must start
Racing madly with the current,
Through the channels of my heart.*

W. R. Manchester '44

AH, REALISM

GEORGE BENOIT '43

Last summer, besides smatterings of George Bernard Shaw, one book by Dostoevsky, and Thomas Mann's "Joseph novels, I read the complete works of both Thomas Wolfe and F. Scott Fitzgerald. It was quite a delightful task; and although I am not in a position to offer a professional criticism of these works, I would like to object strenuously to the criticism I have read of the posthumous publications, *The Hills Beyond* (Wolfe) and *The Last Tycoon* (Fitzgerald).

Both books were criticized as the authors' first attempts to write objectively, and, simultaneously, as though the two were inseparable, as the crystallization of the authors' style and idea. In short, because these last books were objective, they were supposed to be artistically superior to the earlier writings of the two. Perhaps the critics had in mind that generally an objective piece has wider application. But I can see more for me, and others like me, in *Look Homeward Angel* than in *The Hills Beyond*, and I consider *Tender Is The Night* and *This Side of Paradise* far superior to *The Last Tycoon*. Yes, the subjective in literature seems to be equally as artistic.

The following is my own little contribution, illustrating, I think, the concatenation of subjectivity and universal applicability.

It was a desert. And it was real. I know it was because I scooped up a handful of sand and let it trickle

through my fingers and watched the cloud of dust glide to the ground like a descending pigeon in a quiet park. And there was just sand, just sand and peace, and a lovely loneliness all around.

I stood for some time enjoying the solitude before I noticed that something else was around, just up ahead. I walked out to see what it was. Not far away I found an ebony pyramid, and next to that, a crystal sphere mounted on an ivory column. I stared at this impressive trio for quite a while. Finally I left, scratching my head. I couldn't figure it out.

At length I had an idea. I'd take the puzzle to a poet friend of mine. He was pretty good at interpreting dreams. Maybe he could solve this one. I sought him out and related my experience.

He went into a brown study for sometime, and I could tell by his furrowed brow and the way he bit his upper lip and concentrated his eyes on the nothing in the room that he was working hard for answer. Finally he smiled, his eyes brightened, and he said, "Humanity." I went away more confused than before and decided to take my story to another friend, a wise man.

He listened patiently to me while I told him all I had seen and what the poet had said. When I finished he grinned whimsically and then spoke.

"The pyramid was just a pyramid. The Egyptians erected huge ones and, stored mummies in them centuries ago. Students in our schools study their

geometrical possibilities. The sphere was just a sphere. Highbrows use them for garden decorations. The column was just a column. A column is used to support a gabled roof."

I stared dumbly at him for a while, unable to formulate a single question out of all that were running through my mind. I guess he could tell that I was not a little disturbed by his rationalization because he raised his eyebrows tolerantly, turned up the corners of his mouth in a gentle smirk and went on.

"Symbolically, these things you saw do stand for something, but not humanity. Actually, symbols mean nothing. Nevertheless, if you insist on looking so mournful, I'll interpret them for you.

"The pyramid was a symbol of continuity. Tip it over and you still have exactly the same pyramid, and it's still right side up. No matter how often you do this the pyramid will always be in the same position. Humanity is not continuous. Some day it will all go up in smoke.

"The column was a symbol of speed. It was straight and streamlined; it suggested something clean and fast. Humanity will always move slowly.

It's something you can't rush. True, it has created speed, but it has misused the speed it created.

"The sphere was a symbol of perfection. It looks exactly the same from whatever angle you look at it, and it is the same distance around it no matter where you start from. Humanity is neither perfect nor perfectible, because man is man, not God."

What was there to say? I merely thanked him because he gave me something I could put my fingers on. Then I left him and went back to the place of reverie to have another look at things. But when I got there, all was gone. I ran back to the wise man.

"They're gone", I shouted.

He gave me a look that had a you-damn-fool in it and said, "I know, I took them away."

"But where did you put them?" I pleaded.

"Nowhere," he winked, "I just took them away."

"I think I was happy when they were there," I explained.

Without a pause he smiled an answer at me, "You'll know when you're happy now that they're gone."

To R——

*Reaching for fading stardust
was my life
Until I realized
there was you.
Then all my futile fantasies
were real, and
Heaven was a house
next door.*

George Burgess '46

ROOMMATE A LA MODE

BARBARA ELAINE CROSS '46

"Peas porridge hot,
Peas porridge cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old."

And who am I to complain if my ideal roommate likes it nine days old or even ten days old? And even if she likes Caviar, I won't "Carp". But to avoid a starvation diet, she must have some beans to go with the Cavier and Ketchup. Too much spice, even in Mexico, disguises the genuine article and is often used to cloak the lack of the genuine article.

I do not mean to boycott spice dealers, however, for a salad is just leaves without a sprinkling of French Dressing and a dash of Celery Seed. And a roommate is just a personage, without a sprinkling of wit and humor and a dash of imagination. Ideal roommate, go thou and do likewise. For spices are "musts" to enhance the true color and flavor of the article, be it food or person, and they make it gay and attractive.

Being gay and attractive, however, does not make up for a deficiency of vitamin A through Z, or, more specifically for application and realization of facts. College is the kitchen where the product is made ready for consumption either in the intimacy of a private home or in the competition of a bustling cafeteria.

But food that stays in the kitchen long after it is ready for outside consumption is of no use to anyone;

lettuce wilts, meringue weeps, milk sours. Similarly, my ideal roommate would take an interest in the social and athletic life here at Mass State. Not merely an interest, but an active interest, so that after graduation she can handle the responsibilities thrust upon her by the "Ineffectual Thousands".

Naturally, by this time I have fairly well decided how I like my peas porridge. "Wrong taste, perhaps, but my taste right or wrong." Just as apple pie needs nutmeg and squash needs pepper, so my ideal roommate and I would go together, each of us using our pet quirks to bring out the sparkle and zest of the other.

She would have a gay hot dog when I felt like *L'Allegro*; and a solemn sandwich, when I was *Il Penseroso*. However, I would expect to match her, lamb chop for lamb chop if she felt especially light and airy, for two peas in a pod crowd each other until, soon, both rot.

And by thus submitting to her moods once in a while, I would also improve my own character in direct ration to the number of baren lamb chop bones scattered about.

Yea, I will think well on't, for, verily, 'tis "food" for thought.

*They sent me news of him today:
He's dead— or so they say;
"Killed in action", that's a lie—
He lives today as much as I!*

*For when to battle he was led
I it was that went instead;
My heart, not his, they shattered,
And his was all that mattered.*

*His I took before he left
To cherish and protect from theft,
And in its place I gave him mine
To carry to the foremost line.*

*And so today— he's dead!
Ah, fools—they are misled;
And when they have done this stupid fight,
He will prove that I am right.*

Anonymous

THE QUESTION OF PRIMITIVE MUSIC

CARLOS FRAKER

Some time ago, a friend of mine commented upon my interest in "that old music". "That old music" refers, of course, to anything from St. Ambrose to 1700. Sensitive soul that I am, I complained rather violently at his presumably careless use of the word "interest". It turned out that his use corresponded adequately not only to his idea of my impression of the music, but also to his idea of what the outer limits of my feelings should be towards it. Brahms wrote great music; Chopin did; so did Schubert and Beethoven; and even Mozart and Bach. But beyond Bach, something happens. Music ceases to be great; it is only "interesting", and only half-wit (or else a complete scholar, granted a difference) would be curious as to "what all those composers did".

I insisted, and continue to insist, that "music before Bach" (which term accounts for the greater part of the world's important music) holds for me, and indeed for anyone who listens to it seriously, more than an antiquarian interest. The great composers of the Renaissance and Baroque, among others, have produced living and vital music, just as have composers since. Where, then, are we to find the basis of such strong prejudice? We find it in typical late romantic attitudes common among musicians and music lovers today. Late romantic musicians (uncritical ones) liked to suppose that the catch words of other eras were the same as their own, and they found it easy to maintain this position in connection with works only within a lim-

ited period of history. In other words, the average composer of the sixteen hundreds had not yet taken on the manner of the average composer of the eighteen hundreds, and therefore had probably not a great deal to say.

The history of music has divided itself, naturally enough, into periods each with its own set of conventions, ideas and ideals. The Romantic is one of these, and no divine ordination has made it the most important. Each of these periods is divided into two major stages. The first of these is characterized by youthfulness, special intensity, experiment, and often a frank revolutionary spirit. The second is characterized by full maturity, an awareness of tradition, and often strong conventions. The first is not the exclusive property of romanticism; nor is the second of all other stages. Frescobaldi is of the first phase, as is Schubert; and Brahms is typical of the second, as is Bach. Most important of all, the products of one phase are not necessarily greater than those of the other,

Now then, say anything to a romanticist about representing his period by Brahms and not by Schubert, and he will accuse you of heresy. On the other hand, insist that he mention Frescobaldi as a great composer of the Baroque along with Bach, and he will be highly shocked. Of course, he may invoke evolution and progress to his argument. This somehow seems a bit futile and also a bit inconsistent. He tells us that both Schubert and Brahms are important romantic composers; yet he cannot deny that Schubert is the

"primitive" of the two. As far as accumulation from one age to another is concerned, we must remember that any revolution must leave a great deal behind as well as finding much new. In line with this last, I might mention that Dr. Curt Sachs believes that orchestral writing was at its most brilliant in the sixteenth century. In other words, in the opinion of a man who knows, Stravinsky's "Petroushka" requiring an orchestra of a hundred has not a greater wealth of real color than has a Gabrielli sonata calling for an ensemble of eight.

Our main question is, of course, what are some attitudes typical of late romanticism which in their uncritical form keep many from enjoying great music written before 1700. The principle might be termed the "eternity complex". Great art is produced not primarily for the enjoyment of the artist's contemporaries, but to fill a niche in eternity, and to be timeless. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The greater part of all music has been decidedly timely, and much of it literally occasional. Romantic music, in spite of proud Browningism is as timely as any. The fruit, then, of the "eternity complex" is this: great romantic art was written to be copied in the heavens; all other music was presumably written to that same noble end; therefore any great music must be free of timeliness as is romantic music (as they supposed it to be); logically all great music must carry romantic conventions.

We find no end of manifestations of this creed in common viewpoints in connection with known music. The convention of Bach's time had in the

nineteenth century a connotation of solemnity and intellectualism. Each, then, was an old composer who created masterpieces of mathematics but not of his own soul. The convention of Mozart's day had for a late romantic a connotation of politeness and restraint. Mozart was recreated accordingly.

Obviously, no great composer fools himself into believing that he can make something worthwhile by being merely scholastic or merely polite. Mozart did not believe in the kind of restraint romantics attributed to him. Writing within the conventions of his time, he wrote music unsurpassed in depth and power. No intelligent listener will fool himself into supposing that "intellectual" music will satisfy him. He must take Bach's media for granted, as did Bach, and be moved by him as he intended. Here, then, in the point: no composer is free from conventions, not even a romantic composer. If, then, we are willing to listen sympathetically to Brahms, we ought also to be willing to offer the same courtesy not only to Mozart and Bach, but also to Corelli, Purcell, Monteverdi, Gesualdo, Lasso, Palestrina, and scores of others who preceded Bach.

Never in the world will one be able to make *a priori* judgments in music. Music is a substance at once flexible and alive, and is as predictable as will since it is will. We can get to know music only by listening with sympathy, patience and faith. Such listening will bring to life the unworldly cadences of Gregorian Kyrie, the grace and gentle melancholy of a Rondeau of Dufay, the intense fire and mysticism of Victorian motet. In the works of men like these, our patience, sympathy and faith will be repaid a thousandfold.

NERVANA

*For on thy simple circle-world it seems
The thunderstone in elemental rage
Unpegs the dark foundations of the globe
And storms the blackened battlements of sky
Like to a moody giant of the air
Whose silver fingers lash along the lid
Of earth in rare mad martial frenzy. Fond seed,
For this weak silly manifest wilt thou
Thy sacrilegious meditations turn
To me who am thy purpose? New fool,
Wilt thou with lips of clay drain down sweet wine
From out the Holy Grail that it may make
Thee mad? Why, only when the subtle drug
Of slumber stupefies thy daylight soul,
Then in the wierd and filmy vistas of
A dream mayst thou my silent motions know
And apprehend thine own advance to me.
O, little blob of life, my symphony
Has many thousands movements yet to roll
And all thy world is nestled in a note.*

Lennon '41

Jazznocracy

(Title used with permission of W. Hudson and J. Lunceford)

KENNETH GLANCY '45

This dissertation, (with your permission I will call it that) on the evils and abuses of American Jazz, is neither an apology nor a defense of that institution. Rather, we hope it will prove an exposition on the history of that thing called "swing". For various reasons, shellac shortage and that horrid draft, jazz today is in a reclining position. However, considering the ill-treatment it has received at the hands of the scurrilous dilettante, aided and abetted by the unknowing high-schooler, we would say that it has borne its burden in a very commendable fashion. With this off our mesa-like chest, we shall now attempt an explanatory review for the benefit of our provincial readers, who, having just arrived on the collegiate scene in a shay, are imbued with "esprit de Miller", and are doing their damndest not to be urbane about the whole thing.

This thing called jazz evolved itself down in New Orleans, its more basic elements having been imported with the "black ivory," at about the time Tschaiikowsky was breathing his last over in old Russia after imbibing some bad water. Down on the levee, jazz was given quite a whirl by the negro and some "white trash". In low quarters, night after night, out-of-this-world sessions took place. Would that we had been there! The whites of the time looked down on what they called cannabalistic displays. Little were their narrow and cramped minds able to

conceive into what these displays would develop.

Gradually jazz acquired quite a following of enthusiasts. Some restless, itinerant whites took it up the river to Chicago with a brief stopover at St. Louis to let the peasants know what was going on in the golden realm. Jazz, which was practically unknown in the north, took on new characteristics in the "Windy City." Instead of the barrelhouse and blues form of New Orleans, the better organized and politer "Chicago", which also packed more drive than the New Orleans style, came to the fore. "Muggsy" Spanier personifies the Chicago drive in his trumpeting, he being a devotee of the Chicago school. It's all a matter of individual taste, being merely a case of which school you prefer. The spontaniety, excitement, and thrills are present in both. Why even Kansas City caught on and it developed its style. Incredible, but it happened even in Kansas City.

During the early years of the roaring raucous twenties, while striving hard to avoid the fusilades of gangsters' bullets, or the eyes of some enterprising flapper, jazz valiantly carried on. Then, a gentleman, by the name of Paul Whiteman, appeared on the scene with *ersatz*. We lay the whole trouble at this man's feet where quite naturally he's unable to see it. "Pops" took good jazzmen, combined then with the Rhythm Boys, namely Bing Crosby and Company, the latter

just beginning to sow his seeds of corn, and broke their spirit and originality. This is the tragic story of what happened to Beiderbecke. Why, toward the end, "Pops" was insistent on having "Bix" learn to read and we do mean the brass score.

What happened finally was that Bix was forced to take refuge on the precarious top of a corkscrew, where one day he caught cold around Princeton, which turned into pneumonia; and with all his strength gone, a really fine jazzman, one of the greatest, went to play alongside the greatest trumpeter, his modest cornet in hand. Whiteman's travesty on jazz was probably quite unintentional, but it stands to reason that he "done it all" with his little baton. Jazz did not die, but it received an impairing blow. It carried on as grand as ever, but the gold brick had already been offered the American people; and being a fickle lot, as Cicero says, they were blinded and dazed by its glitter, and they didn't bother to look back at what had formerly been their idol, pure and expressive still.

In this compendium of American Jazz, we shall now dive, with our eyes open of course, into the terrible thirties, the age of Goodman, Berigan, and Shaw. Around 1934, a great name arose, although heretofore, it had been comparatively unknown, except to a few connoisseurs. Benny Goodman was making people like improvised music. Everyone chorused that it was tremendous. Mr. Goodman decidedly deserves the credit for making the people accept this improvised music, soloists interpreting the melody if there happened to be one, backed up by arranged harmony and rhythm. One

word more in behalf of Mr. Goodman should not be left unsaid. He developed the greatest mass jazz outfit that was ever assembled; and this was true because not only was he a great soloist in his own right, but he had a collection of these rare and fabulous creatures under his wing. It sheltered Krupa, Hampton, Stacy (oh, that man), Wilson, and one James, a trumpeteer who has since fallen into throes of utter degeneracy, and we refuse to bring up his name again in this discussion. We are also overwhelmed with grief in being forced to admit that the great Goodman himself has also fallen, although his sin cannot be compared with the atrocity that is the current James. This calamity has occurred only within the past year and one-half. We still have among us the old die-hards who refuse anything but New Orleans or Chicago, and they are quite revered in spite of their extremist viewpoint.

Goodman set a precedent, but it was not followed. When, in the closing years of the decade just passed, his organization began to break and crumble, there arose a sore which festered and it flamed into the modern dance orchestra or swing band. This thing, claiming to be playing music and some, with public relations men possessed of brass and presumption, claiming that it is jazz that they play, has developed into a first-class scourge, similar in scope to the "Black Death" of 1453. Recording companies did not remedy the situation in any respect, greedy devils that they were. Everyone had a "swing" band. Leading it was a gushing soul, usually a fugitive from relief, acute alcoholism, or a fairy dance. This nincompoop was unably assisted

by a dreamy-eyed male, an example of America's flaming youth, and a female who personified sex, but whose vocal talents left much to be desired. Oh, yes, we almost forgot to mention that the band itself was composed of outcasts from the 802 local. These outfits were nothing more than a glorified vaudeville skit, which we thought went out with the banjo and Rudolf Valentino. Their repertoire consisted of coy and intimate arrangements and included any number of pretty "riff" tunes which the high-schoolers thought was pretty terrific stuff. We call all this, without sinking to a new low, absolute tripe. Enough has been said. The only possible exception that we can think of to our last volley was the old Artie Shaw band. Its style was distinctive; and when this band rode, it really rode. His "pops" were excellently arranged and made for pleasant listening and dancing. He had the able assistance at one time of Miss Billie Holliday, who, we might mention does a little singing; and she was followed by the dean herself, Helen Forrest. Since Shaw broke up his old band because he had a fondness for sweaters which were prodigiously filled, there has not been one band that could come even close in measuring up to either his or Goodman's standards. Charlie Barnet had possibilities, but he evidently thought that women had more, so, —.

In our modest opinion, the only worthwhile music has been put out by the colored organizations, and in a very tremendous fashion. They have contributed more than anyone else to the cause of American jazz. They even

helped to spread it among the countries of Europe which some of them toured. We have now come up to date in our "Looking Backward", and today a panorama of misery is all around.

We are not condemning the dance band, for it is a very necessary part of our morale and recreation. But, letting our hair down, what there is of it, there is decided room for improvement by way of fumigation. Jazz is at zero level, hovering and seeking aid. Faint and feeble echoes from the past pop up now and then; and we still have Ellington and the rest who are still producing. The draft has taken its toll but that works both ways. Many sordid, ultra-commercial orchestras have been forced to disband. Miller's entrance into the armed service is, without exception, the best thing that has happened in the field of American music since the "Bun" recorded his "I Can't Get Started". Does this shock you that we dare criticize the great Miller? We are sincere. For some excellent criticism on the Miller evil, I refer you to that notable husker, George Frazier, who at the very mention of Miller's name suffers delirium tremens. Mr. Frazier has our hearty support in this crusade. We can offer no remedy for the present condition as we are not social workers. Perhaps the best we can do is to join Frazier in his cry that Miller is a million miles west of Count Basie, and just pray that you who turn to jazz as the only way out will be intelligent enough to judge between good jazz and good corn. And so with this tid-bit of wisdom, we take leave and hope that you will be with us for our comments on "Jazz in the Reich."

NICKOLAI PETROVITCH

W. R. MANCHESTER '44

Nickolai Petrovitch always looked under his bed before he put out the light. He did this because, if he failed to do so, he would toss and turn for hours, haunted by the fearful thought that under his bed, right under him, something, some strange thing, might lurk, waiting to strike in the drowsy hours of the early morning. He feared this. And so he always looked.

One Autumn night, as he leaned over the side of his bed, peering at the dusty space beneath the springs, he perceived that, at long last, his fears had been justified. For there, stretched full upon his back, lay a very tired-looking man. With his hands folded over his stomach he looked almost dead. Nickolai knew he wasn't dead, however, because he was breathing, something dead men cannot do. By the Law of the Soviet, Nickolai should have been afraid, but the man was so peaceful and looked so harmless that he spoke to him, just as you or I would speak to someone whose business we wanted to know.

"What can I do for you, Comrade?" said Nickolai Petrovitch. By the Law of the Soviet, if he said anything at all, it should have been "What are you doing there", or "Get the Hell out", but Nickolai Petrovitch believed that anything extraordinary was to be regarded with reverence, and to find a stranger beneath one's bed is certainly extraordinary.

"I have come to bring you a message", said the man under the bed. At first Nickolai was frightened, and he

recounted his past sins for fear the Party might have found something there of which they disapproved. But though he added and multiplied, he could find nothing wrong, and so he managed to smooth out the wrinkles in his voice and ask, "What is the matter, please?"

"There is nothing the matter", said the man. "The message is this: You are to go to the house of your cousin Ivan, whom you have never seen, and who lives in Kishinev. You are to go there and make love to his wife."

Now Nickolai Petrovitch had heard of many strange commands issued by the Party chieftans, but he had never heard of one as strange as this. He knew he should not ask questions, but he could not hold back just one.

"And what will my cousin Ivan do?" he whispered timidly. The very thought of combat frightened the little man, and knew that men with wives did not always look kindly upon new suitors.

"Your cousin Ivan has gone west to fight the invader and will do nothing to disturb you. You will leave in the early morning. There is nothing more to be said."

Indeed, there was nothing more to be said. There was nothing left but to obey, and so early the next morning Nickolai packed his little steamer trunk with the big red star upon it and went. To Kishinev.

His cousin Ivan, he found, lived in one of the many large family houses the Party had put up on the

outskirts of town. He timidly went to the front door and knocked, not quite certain of himself or of his project.

Ivan's wife answered the door. Nickolai was very much surprised that the man under his bed had asked him to make love to her, for she was very big and very red, not at all the sort that men make love to.

"I am your husband's cousin," he said. "My name is Nickolai. I have come to make love to you because a man under my bed told me to."

Ivan's wife turned quite blue, for she was not accustomed to hearing such words from the mouths of men. She asked him in, however, showed him her twelve children, and asked him to spend the night.

"And where is my cousin, Ivan?", he asked.

"He has gone west to fight the invader", answered his cousin's wife.

"Ah!", thought Nicolai to himself. Then the man under his bed was right. He had best do as the man said.

So all that night he made love to his cousin Ivan's wife, difficult though the task was, for she was monstrous, and could easily have made three of him. But he did his best and she did her best, though her best was none too good. Nickolai knew many places in Moscow where he could spend a better night, though not as inexpensively, of course.

When morning came, he returned to Rratoff. It took him all day, because the war had slowed things up a great deal. When he returned home, it was late at night, and so he went right to bed. Before he turned out the light, however, he looked under the bed, as was his custom. Once more his search was rewarded. There, spread out

under the bed, was the same man, though considerably less tired and hungry-looking.

"What is wrong?", asked Nickolai anxiously, afraid he had failed in his mission.

"Nothing is wrong", replied the man under the bed. "You have done well thus far. But you have not yet finished."

"Not yet finished?", said Nicolai, and his voice shook. "What else must I do?" He longed to return to his woodpile and axe.

"You must go to the house of your cousin Ivan, and you must sleep with his wife."

"Sleep with his wife?", asked Nicolai, for he was quite certain the bed was not built which would hold his cousin Ivan's wife and another person.

"Yes", replied the man. "You start in the morning. Good night".

"Goodnight", answered Nickolai, and he turned out the light.

In the morning he looked under the bed, but his mysterious friend was gone. But Nickolai knew he must obey the command of the other. That is the way in Russia, you know. There is always someone to tell a man just what to do. So he packed his little steamer trunk with the big red star upon it and went back to Kishinev. He went right to the house of his cousin Ivan and went in without knocking on the door.

"Hello", he said to Ivan's wife. "I have come back to sleep with you tonight. A man under my bed told me to." His cousin Ivan's wife turned very blue, for she was not accustomed to hearing such words from the mouths of men. But there had been no one to chop wood or to yell at since her hus-

band went away, and so she consented to sleep with her husband's cousin Nikolai.

Nickolai had a bad night. By the time he finished the morning's chores and had been blown out of the house by the shrieking of Ivan's wife, he was very, very tired.

He arrived home that night and went to bed. As of always, he looked under the bed before putting out the light. Sure enough, there, stretched full upon his back, was the strange man who gave such strange orders.

"Hello", said the man, rather cheerily, thought Nikolai.

"Am I through?", asked Nickolai, with not a little of the pleading in his voice.

"No", said the man under his bed. "Not quite. You must return to Kishinev and have your cousin Ivan's wife mail her post card to the Marriage Commissary in Moscow. This will divorce her. You will then marry her and live in Kishinev."

"Must I?", asked Nickolai, and his voice shook.

"You must", answered the man firmly.

Heavy-hearted, Nickolai Petrovitch next morning made his way back to

Kishinev, where he went to the house of his cousin Ivan's wife.

"Mail in your post card", he said, "And come marry me. We must do it. The man under my bed said so."

Ivan's wife turned many colors, all of them bright; but she finally returned to normal and did as Nicolai said because she needed a man around the house to take her husband's place. That was the last time she did anything Nickolai told her to.

Next morning Nickolai made his weary way back to Rratoff to gather up his personal belongings. Once more he retired after his long journey, and once more he peered under his old bed. The stranger was still there, and he had altogether lost that tired look. He seemed quite happy.

"Am I finished?", asked Nicolai.

"You are finished", replied the man under his bed.

Nickolai turned to put out the light, but something stayed his hand. He turned once again to the man beneath the bed.

"If I am not too bold, comrade", he asked, "Who are you?"

"I", said the man under Nickolai Petrovitch's bed, "Am your cousin, Ivan".

W. R. Manchester

AND LEAST OF ALL

*And least of all,
What can you love about this autumn,
The most foreboding of all seasons?*

*Can you emote about wind-dried leaves,
When as it does to little children playing in the snow,
The cold has reddened and cracked their faces?*

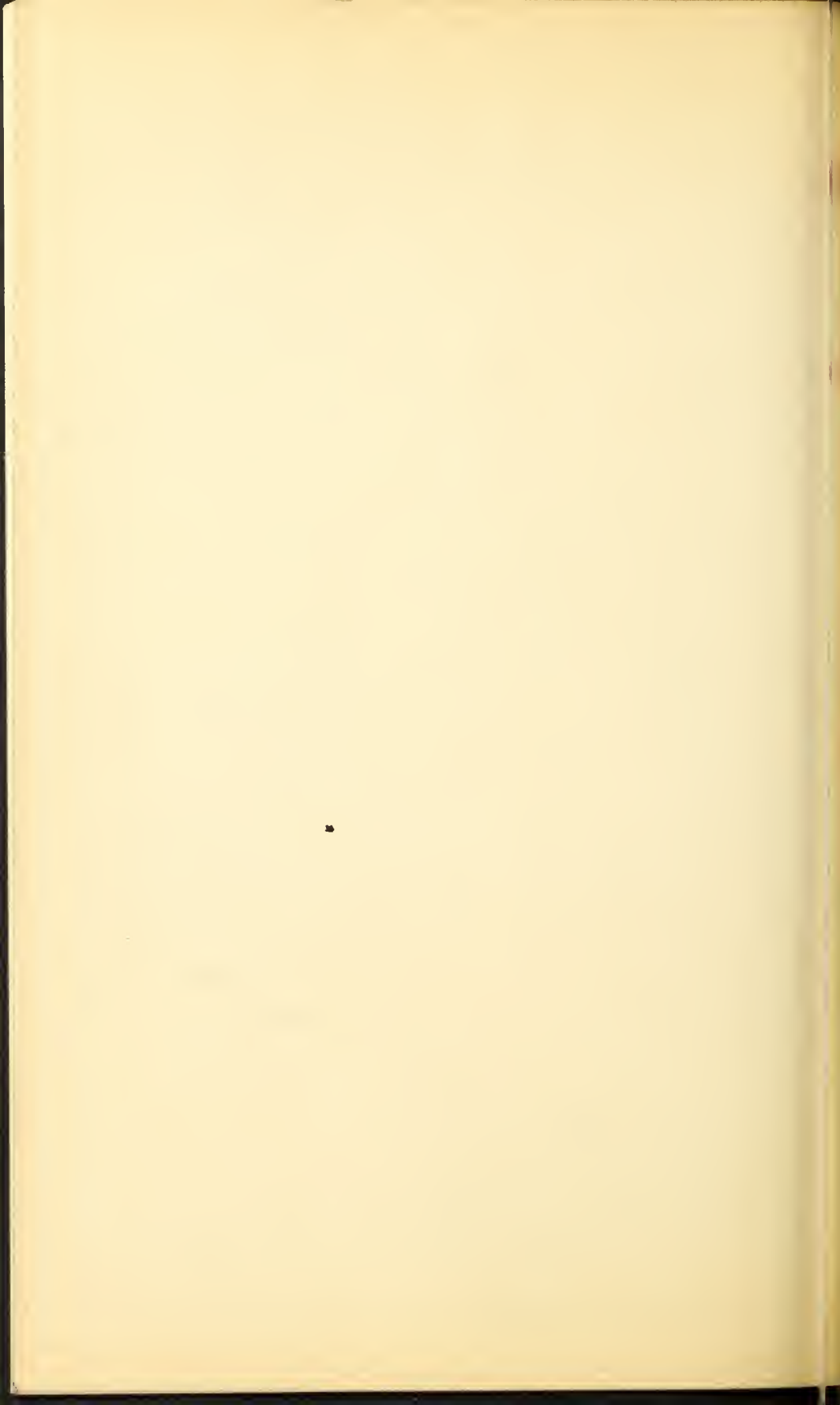
*Can you give us eulogies of praise
About cluttered sidewalks, when the leaves,
Brown and soggy from recent rains,
Become a squashy swamp, without the smell?*

*Do you hear a mystical murmur when the
Wind bangs a swinging shutter against the walls
Of houses, whether of brick, or wood,
Houses that re-echo with an empty, hollow sound,
Like thick, clay, sewer pipes?*

*Can't you see the rolling iron caterpillars, the fuel trucks,
Weave over the land, seldom stopping, until they pour
Out their oily bellies into some waiting barge,
Dirty, and covered with rusted salt flakes?*

*Oh, this autumn has its beauty:
It's clear and cold and gaudy with colors and shapes
And spirals made by wind-swept leaves in the country,
Or blowing rags of paper in the crowded city streets,
Where all mankind swirls around, like thoughts
In the mind of a maniac.*

Leon Barron '44



COMMENCEMENT
ISSUE
1943

COLLEGIAN
QUARTERLY
MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

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The Collegian

QUARTERLY

Massachusetts State College

Commencement Issue

1943

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THE TENEMENT

WILLIAM R. MANCHESTER '44

(The tenement stood on the outskirts of town, and was one of a number of such houses that walled the city in, and the world out. It stood, a tall gaunt shell, at the dead end of a dead end street, and it watched the sordid scenes of a thousand days with its blank, expressionless eyes. The winter winds shook and the summer sun beat down on its paintless boards while time, dark and ever passing, aged and changed its sullen face. It walled the city in, it walled the world out, and it sealed up within its empty heart the empty lives of its fateless tenants.)

He was tall and thin. His frame was long and casual, punctuated by joints and bent as if by chance. He may have been eighteen; he looked no older. His eyes were soft, brown, and his face was sensitive. When he spoke his voice was quiet, earnest, but his restless hands betrayed an inward nervousness that was there withal. Occasionally, when alone and lonesome, a shade of sadness would pass across his face; he would bow his head, would become quite still, but he would not cry. He was eighteen, but he was a man.

She was little and frail. She may have been forty, but she looked fifty, maybe more. Her eyes were soft, brown, and faded, and her hands shook, always. When she spoke, her voice was high and thin and undependable like water dripping in a

kitchen sink. Occasionally, when she was alone and lonesome, a shadow would pass across her face, and she would bow her head and cry. She was a woman.

There was a little boy that went with other two, but there was no father.

They moved into the first floor flat one day in early July, and he went to work the next day in one of the great factories which were the pulsing centers of the great city. He left at six each morning, dressed in a denim shirt and a pair of khaki trousers, carrying his lunch in a bag under his arm, and he came back at eight each night, back to the mother, to the child, to the tenement. He did this every day, seven days a week, and he never saw day and the tenement together.

Late, late at night, when he would return, blackened and weary, he would find her waiting, always waiting, her helpless eyes looking into his own. And he would press her moist hands between his own and speak to her.

"Mother", he would say, "Have hope. Time is a great healer; death is only a separation. This is our new life—let's make it what we can."

She would say nothing, but she would turn away, always, and darkness would come down upon the city, suddenly and inevitably, enveloping the tenement and filling their hearts. And he of the small frame and the brood-

ing eyes would go to bed, not to sleep, but to think, while his mother went to bed, not to sleep, but to cry.

It was their home, and to them alone could it have been a home. It was like all the tenements in that shabby and benighted district; the windows had become so filthy and opaque that only the closest investigation could tell whether the tenement were occupied or not. The boy, busy all day and home only that he might sleep, knew no one in the neighborhood, or, for that matter, in the same tenement. The sound of feet on the stairs, voices in the night, a figure passing on the street at twilight; he knew there were others who dragged their weary bodies through this underground of humanity; he knew they were there, but that was all.

His mother, her shaking hands safe in his, her frightened eyes closed tight against the worlds he so hated, told him all he need know. She had found in that tenement a torture, subtle in its power, but a torture all the same, and she was breaking under its influence.

On the second floor of the building, sandwiched between themselves and the floor of the landlord, there lived a family—a father, mother, and two children. The children were grown, and lived at home only to help their parents. These were the Morgans.

Mrs. Morgan was head of the family. She had a husband, but she was mistress of her home and family—and of her mate, for that matter, too. Hers was a life of complete ease; her husband even walked to work that she might have the use of the family car during the day. And so well had she

trained her brood that work or worry for her did not exist. She was free—free to trouble herself with the lives of others.

These people were to the boy unknown. They came and went so seldom that he never ran across them, and they lived their lives so quietly in the few hours he was home they might never have been there for the trouble they caused him. But through his mother they came to be alive, stark and real, the monsters and tyrants of his new life.

Each day, when she had dressed and breakfasted, Mrs. Morgan would come downstairs and sit by his mother, mocking her with a sarcasm she had heretofore never known. She watched his mother work, and as she watched, her coarse voice would rattle on incessantly, occasionally breaking forth into a crude rasping laugh. She laughed at work, she laughed at virtue, but most of all she laughed at his mother's decision never to remarry. She was large and coarse, and her mind was small and mean. She was at once the daughter and mistress of the tenement.

His little mother had never lived with such people; the tenement was to her a foreign country, and she longed for the homeland. In all her life she had never learned to say no, never to talk back, and so she listened, and listened, and never said anything. Only at night would she pour out her heavy heart to her son.

He felt . . . so sorry for her, but there was really nothing he could do. He had grown much in the few weeks since his father's death, but one cannot become all at once, and here was

a problem to baffle the strongest of men. He knew, he felt, that one simply doesn't burst into the home of a stranger never met or seen, especially when one really has no substantial argument. Strong though his feelings were, and he pitied his mother with a pity that was deep and broad, he hesitated. He hesitated until it was too late.

More than anything else in the world, he wanted to shed the oil and slime of the tenement; he worked hard and saved, planning for the great day of exodus. But it soon became evident that he would have to take time off from his job, and though each day missed was a day lost, and though he could not miss many such days and keep his job, he came to realize that his mother's rapidly failing health would force him to stay home, more and more.

Job, work, future, became minor issues that dissolved in an accumulating past and were soon forgotten. His mother's health became all-important, and as she grew worse day by day, he forgot all but that health, even when his job was lost and gone for good. All day long he sat by her sick bed in a house that had grown quiet with the tragedy, and as he sat there, she poured out her heart to him. The woman upstairs, who came down no more, satisfied, no doubt, with the trouble she had caused, had impressed his patient tremendously, and even in her deliriums, her hand would grasp his wrist, and she would murmur, in a small, terrified voice, "She's mean to me, so mean to me". The doctor came and went; the ailment, he said, was psychologi-

cal, and the cure rested, not in the body, but the mind. But doctors of the mind were expensive, and so the boy, praying in the dingy sick room, did his humble best to raise the spell strange Mrs. Morgan had cast on the first floor flat.

Often and often, as he lay tossing in the stifling midnight heat, he would dream of the woman upstairs who had caused the breakdown, and the impulse would come to him to rush up and stifle the creature, the symbol of the awful dwelling they lived in—but he dared not leave his mother. Bad became worse; the illness persisted and grew in intensity. For him as for his mother, there was no hope, no future, only the awful present and the shadow of the past. And the fires of hate and revenge smouldered in his young blood, and he felt across his heart the red smear of the murder lust. It was August, hot, and Hell.

Finally one morning, just after the doctor had left in despair, leaving no hope behind, she gripped her son's wrist and held it tight, her bloodshot, sightless eyes staring into his own, and she whispered, in a voice that faded for the last time, "She's mean to me . . . mean to me". Then, humble to the last, she turned her little head into the pillow and died.

The fire smouldered no longer; it burst into flame, and the passion he had held so long in check burst the bonds that had held it—he would be revenged, and now. All the suffering of the past few weeks had been directed, it seemed, toward this one moment; he leapt from the bedside and ran for the back door that opened on

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*All nature was as fresh as every year
At spring, when life is ready to begin;
Reincarnated forms, of God's own hand,
Were just as vigorous, tainted not, nor coarse.
I saw the buds proclaim the pregnancy
Of leaves which lived but for their parent plant,
Adorning all of beasts' environment.
The clouds were not a blot; they soon would feed
All growing things with cleansing nourishment.
The strong winds would destroy, but yet,
Would spread the offspring of untravelled tree.
The plan was whole; there was no waste of time
Or life save for the best to keep; and yet,
My selfish heart rebelled against the blood
Of man, which under orders from its host
Was damning fellow-man with hasty curse
Of pagan bombs, and perverse logic dreamed
Upon a starless eve, not lighted by
The brotherhood of man, with God presiding.
God, the founder of the Perfect Plan, betrayed
By what He founded! But—a misty glimpse
I spied of youth, against a silhouette
Of humankind disgraced. Unlearned they
In arts of self-indulgent whims, deceit;
They saw the Plan; the Plan would be fulfilled.*

Mary Symonds, '45

A feather, a fish, a stick, a leaf

Thomas Wolfe wrote, " . . . a stone, a leaf, an unfound door; of a stone, a leaf, a door." Because he did not write poetry he had no right to thrust such a wonderful stream of consciousness on his readers. I have read LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL and I understand THE ROCK. I have read FROM DEATH TO MORNING and I understand his NO DOOR. But the leaf I was forced to seek for myself. I have found it, and I shall betray the man by telling where.

*i stood below the highway
by the river
a light bobbed by
i looked into the river
searching for the sky
the current was not my way
with a quiver but to die*

*i ran along the shore
stumbling on the rocks
nodding with the light
as it winked on toward the docks
i cannot ask for more
there just can be no door
red-kneed prayers for sight
save me from my fright*

*can it be that leaf
from eden's fateful garden fell
only to be found
when my death bell has its knell
can't i find relief
from a petal on the ground
isn't my belief more than just a sound*

*dawn crept up beneath me
day struck me in the face
the wind reached out to sheath me
with a voluptuous embrace
wavelets danced before me
no longer any grief
a feather, a fish, a stick
and behold my leaf*

G. F. Benoit, '43

THE LOUSE

MILTON R. BASS '44

He was not too large and yet not too small. He was just medium size for a louse. But he was in condition. He was ready for long marches, and deep mud, and no sleep, and slaps from irritated hands. After all, this was war, and a good louse had to be ready.

His present home was a good-natured gent named Curly. Now Curly wasn't too large or too small, but he was in condition, too. So were all the other boys who were in Tunisia with Curly. They had to put up with long marches, and deep mud, and irritated hornets called Stukas. Practically you might call them louses on a larger scale. Only they were men and capable of things far beyond the hopes of a louse. They could talk, and read, and write, and think, not only regressively but also progressively. Now it is a common belief that privates in the United State Army do not do much thinking. But they do. Most of their regressive thinking was about some girl and what a time she had been, and most of their progressive thinking was about a girl and what a time she would be if they ever had a chance to get twelve feet's distance from a foxhole without having to be ready for a swan dive back in because of unfriendly relations with the neighbors. There was nothing lousy about these boys. That is, figuratively, of course.

Now our louse liked Curly. Curly was hard but had some good solid

meat on him. And Curly was patient and didn't slap too much. But above all, Curly was warm. Scientists have never stretched this point, but the main thing a louse likes is a good warm body. This louse would revel in Curly's 98.6 degree F. every day, and he was very happy. He was full of good food, he was at ease, he was happy, he had a good home. And don't think he wasn't grateful.

Now one afternoon our hero, Curly, was lying in a foxhole patiently waiting for nothing at all to happen. He had sat in this particular foxhole for three weeks now, and nothing had happened. But that was war. And a man always had his thoughts. His job was to guard the 105 that was a hundred feet in back of him; and so he sat.

First he heard a hum, then a louder hum, then almost a roar. They had finally come. The Stukas were here. The anti-aircraft opened up, the first Stuka dove, the bomb fell, it hit, it exploded: Curly's dead. A jagged two inch piece of steel has ripped through his jugular and slurred out the side of the throat. The rich red arterial blood gushes out and irrigates the desert sand. When America sinks money into a country, she makes sure it's going to pay dividends. The body begins to stiffen and grow cold. The blood congeals in thickish clots. Everything is quiet and dead in the

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For Which We Fight

ANONYMOUS

In a conflict as great and all-en-gulfing as the present, men are likely to lose their perspective, and to lose sight of the forest for the tree. They forget the higher motives behind such a war, and the result, in the end, can be disastrous. All the blood and money spent for victory can be in vain, as indeed it was in the last war, if men do not know what they are fighting for. And men do fight for something. We are not naturally killers, nor do we live primarily for combat. America is not fighting a great war merely because the gauntlet was thrown down to her on a cold December morning a year and a half ago. No, there are deeper motives, reasons for the conflict which will make it, we hope, the success which the last one wasn't—one which will accomplish what the last one didn't—which will make the world safe for Democracy. It is about these ideals for which we fight that I wish to speak.

We must have before us a preconceived goal, not only for the tremendous effect such preconception will have on morale, and toward the attainment of victory, but because, if we do not plan our goal now, we are likely to lose sight of it altogether in the chaos that will follow the war. A gun unaimed and then shot not only will miss the target, but will very likely do damage to someone or something for which it was not intended.

I do not propose that we should cross our bridges before we come to them, but I do propose that we build our bridges now, so that we will not find ourselves confronted with unspanned and unfordable torrents when we have come to them.

We are not, I think, without idea as to what the goal should be. We now know that it must take into consideration the rest of the world—something it did not do last time. "The world is too much with us, late and soon", and whether we like it or not, this is, as Mr. Wilkie has written, "one world". We shall not again make the mistake of considering ourselves in one world, and the rest of the nations of the earth in another. We know that whatever seriously affects one portion of the globe eventually affects us all, and that the world may very seriously be compared to a man's body, in which a wound to one appendage, if not localized and dealt with, eventually affects the entity. We have seen that, unless the free peoples of the world work and fight together, eventually in their disunity, their enemies shall find sufficient strength to attack in force. We know that the surest way to invite disaster is to run from it, and we are determined that the next threat to the collective world's security shall be met by the best defensive of all—a united and energetic offensive.

To achieve this we must have the strength which comes with union. No

system of alliances and ententes can ever be truly successful, for an alliance combines all the disadvantages of actual union with none of the advantages. We must extend the principle of the United Nations into a post-war organization with the teeth and unanimity which the post-war allies of the last war lacked. We must do more than merely set up a system of democracies in the defeated countries; we must encourage and foster the system established. We must cast aside forever the shell of isolationism, and must assume the role of world leaders.

In the last few years the most outstanding thing about the democracies has been, I think, their recovery of their intestinal fortitude. On the eve of the blitzkrieg the free world was composed of nations altogether without guts. As such they did not deserve to survive, and very likely would not have survived, had not the defeat of one of their brethren, not separated from the enemy by the sea, awakened them to the disaster imminent and pregnant in an active future. The French fell, and we saw in her tragedy one which might well have been our own. Circumstance and geography alone substituted the French for the English or Americans. There, in the late spring of 1940, but for the grace of God, might well have gone ourselves.

Well, we have recovered that fortitude, and we are once more worth while. But perhaps we should state more specifically what there is about the free world, the world of the United Nations that makes it so much better than that proposed by the enemy. A man should have a clear-cut state-

ment of some sort regarding the ideals for which he fights. Unfortunately a struggle as great and complex as this cannot have a single motive, and the motives that there are cannot be simply stated.

I like to think that we are fighting for Western Civilization. That's a pretty big term, "Western Civilization". I may be accused of using it flippantly, of throwing around words, as Wilson has so often been accused of for his "Make the world safe for Democracy", and so I shall qualify and enlarge upon my statement. Western Civilization is a great historical tradition, tracing back to the centuries before Christ. It is a way of life to which each passing civilization has contributed something. The Greeks gave it a high moral philosophy; the Romans, a moral code; the French a love of beauty and a great literature; the English that indefinable something which they themselves call "decency". We in America have contributed more to that civilization on the line of self-government than any other of the chain. These influences have long since passed national boundaries and constitute today the culture behind the allied free world.

What do our enemies think of this Western Civilization of which we are so proud? Moral philosophy they reject; law and the courts they have replaced by military rule and the concentration camp; their disregard for literature has been manifested by the book-burning campaigns of Nazi Germany; their respect for "Decency" we hardly need mention—it simply doesn't exist; and they hold self-government to be bad government. With these two

schools of thought grappling with each other, is it any wonder that the world has gone to war?

In making this statement, many will say I have set myself out on the end of a limb. They will feel that I have exposed myself to the Cynic's scorn in saying that we are fighting for ideas. And so I have; but in a world in which the cynics have been proved wrong so often, who is to fear their barbed comments? Yes, I say we are

fighting for an idea, and I follow with the question, is it so wrong to fight for which one believes? History, it has been said, is written by the survivors, and this is true. But it is made by the valiant, by the principled, by the loyal. It is made by those who grimly stand against a gathering storm and, when they fall, leave an open place against the sky.

I would rather make History than write it.

The Bridge Which God Had Wrought

*When I consider how in days of yore
 So many men of note have won acclaim
 Defending bridges during times of war
 And so, in a great cause, earn lasting fame
 And eminence—as did Horatio,
 That fearless savior of the Roman state,
 Who held a bridge against the Tuscan foe
 Until his city was inviolate—
 'Tis then that I most deeply feel a sense
 Of awe for one de Bergerac, who fought
 With such true valor that symposiacs
 Have never ceased to tell of his defense
 Of the colossal bridge which God had wrought—
 The nose of Cyrano de Bergerac!*

Edward Kaplowitz '45

Self-Defense: Reality and Daydreaming

EVA SCHIFFER, '46

Whenever I have occasion to express my opinion on the post-war situation, I am invariable exposed to being labeled a blood-thirsty cynic. I aver that I am no such animal. I merely do not believe in a world federation. That I do not believe it either politically or economically practical at any time, while greed and envy remain human weaknesses in this unperfectable world, is an issue in itself. But, more pertinently, I do not consider any immediate world organization possible as soon as the war is declared to be ended. I believe, in fact, that the declaration of peace will be a declaration of chaos, a second reign of terror.

Until I spoke to a Dutch family last summer, I agreed with a certain part of public opinion that, by wisdom as well as by necessity, we should have to deal with the Nazis somehow—preferably by re-education: We could not annihilate eighty million people. I have changed my mind. Certainly "we"—the United Nations—cannot shoot down all the Nazis. But the Rotterdammers who watched 40,000 of their countrymen burn to death in one day, and the Amsterdammers whose neighbor's houses are being used as munitions warehouses while they remain in their homes, under pain of death, and the Czechs who smelt the smoke of Lidice, and the Poles who are starving in pestilence will surely hear nothing of reconciliation. And we who still go to concerts and to the movies and com-

plain about gas rationing and weak coffee will have neither the power nor the right to tell them of the Law of Love. Most of all, we will not have time. The conflagration will be blazing before we have reached the nearest hydrant.

On the other hand, I do not hesitate to admit that I regard the inevitable spreading of the Nazi doctrine, which is a far more dangerous enemy than the machines on land, on sea, and in the air, which we shall surely destroy. Since, moreover, this doctrine pervades the German people today to an extent that, even at the risk of injustice, we cannot draw a line between the Germans and the Nazis; since, above all, this evil spirit permeates, dominates, the minds of the children, it would avail nothing to discriminate between the guilty and the innocent. Re-education, re-generation, must start with the new, the unborn generation, or perhaps with the children under four years of age. And obviously, this renaissance of the pure German—not the "Aryan"—spirit can begin in a world purged of the opium which deadens the human mind and which endangers literally all that we value in our civilization.

Even if we should have the chance and the power, then, to spare the Nazis if we would, I frankly hope that we forego such a step of ill-timed mercy. Beings that revel in acts of barbaric cruelty, that denounce their national

heritage of culture with their barbaric brutal devastation, that scoff at the dignity of the human soul and that exist only as puppets of their blasphemous idol—are these human beings whom we should save, and thereby frustrate the purpose of the war in which we are sacrificing so many precious lives? Are these, I often ask myself, human beings?

Yet sometimes, in my daydreaming, I have strange visions of reconciliation. In such moods, I like to forget that the Germans are all Nazis and the Nazis are all brutes. I like to think of them as human beings. I want suddenly to ease the wounds of the German soldiers, to coax the look of suspicion and fear into one of confidence, to soften, to respect the contempt and pride of the humiliated. I want to hear hard men laugh and stern women weep in the hysteric relief from fear and want, I want to teach little children to fold their hands in prayer and to run and play without the measure of the goose step. I want the army of occupation which I scorn in my more

sober moods to diffuse our spirit of freedom and hope through that land of chains and darkness. I want our soldiers to be so joyous, young, and loving among the Germans that the misled people shall, for very shame, throw their idols all on a great pile and melt them in a gigantic fire of thanksgiving to the living God!

Surely all this is a foolish dream. Demons of the master race, torturers of concentration camps, terrorists of the innocent, machines of the unscrupulous cannot be won by such gentle love. But let me dream. Sometimes dreams prove more powerful, more real, than reality itself. At any rate, dreams such as this keep alive our faith in the mustard seed of good in even the worst of men. And since I feel sure that we ourselves will have but a small voice with which to cry above the uproar of Europe's shout of liberation from the Nazi yoke, is it not worth while to build even an idealistic dream of love as a dam against the flood of hate that is to overthrow us?

THE TENEMENT

Continued from page 4

the stairs. And as he ran through the kitchen he took with him a bread knife that lay on the breakfast table.

He bounded up the stairs, and in a moment stood breathless on the landing outside the Morgans' door. His time had come. He pounded on the door with all the strength he could muster; no answer, save only the echo of his own blows. The hour was early, what else could he expect?

Exasperated, he threw his shoulder against the door and burst into the kitchen, shouting the name of her whom he sought.

There was no answer; only the echo of his own voice. The dust lay thick and brooding on the woodwork of a bare kitchen, and his bitter words resounded through the empty and dust-laden corners of a flat that was, and had been, vacant for many years.

THE MISSION

(Dedicated to those English airmen who participated in the bombing raids over Europe.)

*Gallant squadron, flying high,
Silver streaks against the sky,
Manned by men prepared to die,
Can you fail?*

*Streaking cross the channel wide
To the ocean's other side,
Where a million men have died,
Think of them!*

*There's the land now, to the right,
Vague still from your dizzy height.
Objective soon will be in sight,
Falter not!*

*Flying low o'er tree and field,
Trying to remain concealed,
To the outposts now revealed,
Hear those guns!*

*Cool and calm, with nerves unstrained,
For such situations trained,
Through skies where shell and fire are rained,
Still you go!*

*In precision lines you fly,
With no thought that you may die,
There is courage in your eye,
Squadron bold!*

*Five brave men go down in flame,
Death's reward for war's hard game,
Squadron, crippled, almost lame,
Carry on!*

*Objective now three miles ahead,
Planes ripped wide by searing lead,
You have sweated, fought, and bled,
Fail not now!*

*Anti-aircraft guns spit fire
On the squadron climbing higher,
One more plane a burning pyre,
Up and on!*

*Screaming down in power dives,
In echelons of threes and fives,
Heedless of themselves and lives,
Here they come!*

*Roaring through the ack-ack shells,
Gone through twenty thousand Hells,
Sounding now their death-like knells,
Bombs released!*

*Loud explosions rock the sky,
Smoke from oil tanks billows high,
"Death for death," the airmen cry!
Down they dive!*

*Destruction, chaos everywhere,
Six more planes shot from the air,
Plunging earthward, crashing there,
Courageous men!*

*One last dive upon the goal,
Now a fiery, shell-marked hole,
These are men without a soul,
Hating all!*

*Climbing skyward, one by one,
Banking west, then, towards the sun,
Heading homeward, mission done,
Back they go.*

*Flying o'er the land once more,
Cross the channel to the shore,
Of the homeland they adore,
They return.*

*Gallant squadron, filled with pride,
We'll remember those who died,
Friend and brother, side by side,
Valiant men!*

By George H. Flessas '44

AFRICA

*Darkness comes down upon the battlefield.
Across the desert stretch the sands, clean, white
And undisturbed. Save for the stars no light
Intrudes upon the scene; the night is sealed.
The foe may fall, the dark will never yield.
The men of steel have laid aside the fight;
One long siesta lasts throughout the night.
Time out, that iron and flesh of man be healed.
Yet at the dawn death will resume her game;
The foes will clash; a blinding sheet of flame
Will reach unto the sun while frail cries
Of dying men re-echo to the skies
And all Hell's furies satiate their lust
And all men's dreams are broken in the dust.*

W. R. Manchester, '44

THE LOUSE

Continued from page 7

body. Did I say everything? I meant everything but one. Our louse is uncomfortable. The food is tasteless, even untasty, and house is cold. The temperature is way below 98.6 degrees F. There is no hot blood pumping. Another one of God's creatures is inconvenienced by a fuel shortage.

The louse slowly pulled his head out of the skin and started walking. He didn't know where or when, but he knew he couldn't stay where he was. Finally he felt sand. He was

alone in the African Desert. He didn't recognize any landmarks. His home had just been destroyed by the ruthless and brutal Germans. He was a refugee in a strange country with no money, no friends, and future in sight. But this did not daunt him. Head up and legs moving rhythmically he set off to seek his fortunes in a foreign land. But just before he passed out of sight he gazed back mournfully at Curly. Then he turned his head and passed bravely on.





Feb. 10, 1944, is bound
after Fall 1937 and before Winter
1938 in an oversize volume (19
inches)

